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through Leibnitz, Shaftesbury and Hume, to Baumgarten. Its various data are deduced by him from classical philosophy, archaeology, art criticism: Corneille, Kames, Burke, Lessing, Winckelmann furnish striking paragraphs to the author's literary and artistic sections; Kant's views are taken up, Schiller and Goethe throw light on the literary aspects of the problem; and Schelling and Hegel, Schopenhauer and Herbart, Zimmermann and Fechner, Currière and Schasner, Hartmann and Vischer contribute to the modern scientific definition of this indefinite and perhaps indefinable subject. Mr. Bosanquet treats the subject in historical systematic sequence, making a valuable contribution to aesthetics.

Two Rulers of India *

THE HISTORY OF INDIA, especially in this age of research and investigation, contains a wonderful amount of instructive as well as interesting reading. The part Great Britain plays is of a late date; nevertheless it is by no means devoid of charms. By a series of conquests and annexations, England easily extended her power in India, the fall of the Mogul dynasty having left the country in a state of anarchy. With no bond of unity, with no national spirit, it became an easy matter to gain power where the misgovernment of the native princes stirred up faction and party strife. Mr. Cotton, in his *Life of Elphinstone* (1), has given us a carefully-written little volume on Indian history during the first half of our century. He deals with the political, social and religious affairs of the great empire in a most admirable manner. Among the galaxy of Indian rulers, Elphinstone takes a foremost rank. As a poor 'writer,' like Clive and Hastings, he, like them, by the sheer force of his own genius, came to rule a vast empire. While the former were Governors of Bengal, he was assigned the no less important position of Governor of Bombay. Born while Hastings was still ruler at the height of his power; riding, while a youth, by the side of Wellesley in his campaign in India, he still lived to see the day when the great India Company had to surrender its seal to the Crown. For thirty years he served the Company faithfully, and when he returned to his native land, to devote the remainder of his days to literature, the poor natives whose liberties he had protected and whose rights he had maintained erected a college to his memory, while the company which owed him both its extension of territory and its perfect organization tendered its trusted servant an endless gratitude. As an Oriental scholar, Elphinstone had perhaps no equal in his day, while his 'History of India' testifies to his abilities as an historian. Under his Governorship (1819-1827), the country was at peace; nevertheless it is an important period, for the important reforms he introduced. He early saw that two hundred millions of people would not long remain in a state of subjection without either a voice or a share in the Government; so his first act was to impress upon the Directors the importance of such changes as Bentinck so successfully carried out later. After having made the necessary reforms, he wanted rest, and returned to England, where no princely honors awaited him. Macaulay pronounced him 'a great and accomplished man'—a title to be envied. It is strange to know that a man so modest and timid should have been the ruler of a great empire, and, in 'his old age, should have been consulted as the oracle of his country upon all matters pertaining to the Government of India.'

Ever since William of Orange brought Hans Bentinck in his train from Holland more than two hundred years ago, has that Dutch family occupied a prominent position in English political and social circles. Lord William Bentinck (2) was born in 1774. Enlisting in the army at an early age he soon rose to distinction. During the troubles in India he became Governor-General of Madras from 1803-1807. He began measures of reform which characterized his whole reign. He advocated the necessity of peasant proprietorship of land,

* A History of Aesthetic. By B. Bosanquet. \$2.75. (Library of Philosophy.) Macmillan & Co.

1. Mountstuart Elphinstone. By J. S. Cotton. 2. Lord William Bentinck. By Demetrius C. Boulger. 60 cts. each. (Rulers of India.) Macmillan & Co.

discussed the advisability of land tenures and revenues, but before he could carry out any of these reforms, he was recalled on account of the sepoy uprising, for which he was unjustly blamed. Returning to England, Bentinck addressed a memorial to the Directors showing the injustice of his treatment, but while they refused to soothe his injured feelings, the Government recognized his abilities and intrusted him with an important mission in Spain and Portugal, where he rendered valuable assistance to Sir John Moore and to Sir Arthur Wellesley. In 1827, the Company which had dismissed him without cause had to recognize his ability, and offered him the still more important position of Governor-General of India. The country was at peace, but the finances were embarrassed by prolonged wars and misgovernment. Bentinck's first plans were to devise means for the reduction of expenses. He threw open to natives posts which were formerly filled by Englishmen; he gave orders to the courts to reduce an allowance which, under the name of 'bata,' had been given to soldiers in addition to their pay. By dismissing many of the officials and reducing everything to system he was able to convert a deficit of a million into a surplus of two millions. Through Bentinck's efforts a complete record of individual rights was assured, the old judicial courts of appeals, noted for slowness and uncertainty of decisions, were abolished, and in their place native judicial officers were appointed in various districts. By 1830 he was able to enforce a law abolishing widow-burning, the most barbarous of Indian rites. Bentinck, like Elphinstone, was scholar as well as statesman. His dispatches to England are looked upon as gems of English writing, and it seems that Macaulay was right when he said that 'the Indian ruler is judged by his pen as much as the English statesman is judged by his polished oratory.' He was the first Governor who took decisive steps to educate the natives in Western literature and science, and by his pleasing manners was able to place Milton and Adam Smith against Brahmic superstition, and succeeded, by avoiding everything that would shock their religious views, in introducing into Orientalism much of Teutonic freedom.

"Gossip of the Century"*

GOSSIP IS ONE of the most interesting forms of memoir. What would the world do without the gossip of Xenophon about Socrates or the same writer's delightful fairy-tales about Cyrus? Herodotus, the father of gossip—not the 'father of lies,' as Sayce would harshly brand him,—gives us inimitable pictures of antiquity in the *genre*—pictures he has painted of Hellas and its poetic tyrants, of Persia and its fabulous princes, of Egypt and its volatile priests, of Athenian or Corinthian wiseacres. And as for Plutarch the 'washwoman,' as an eminent but fond Grecian nicknames him, the lack or loss of *him* would be like the black spot left in the belt of the Pleiads whence the most shining star of the seven had dropped.

The heirs of the Greeks in gossipry are the French, those lively Gauls who doubtless gossiped when they were Druids, before they studied Quintilian or turned into Franks, before the century of Cæsar or the Merwings, prefigured by the 'foolish Galatians' whom Paul apostrophized in the famous apostolic epistle. Dreary indeed would be the French history without its picturesque historical gossips, without its Villehardouins, Froissarts and Comines, without its St. Simons, de Sevignés and Grimms. As it is, it is a history resembling an ancient mediæval tower about which circle innumerable swallows, twittering, twinkling, flitting and crowing, making the old battlements vocal with chatter: French history is alive with the twitter and the talk of the memoirist, the only things that keep it alive. The secret causes of great events and great revolutions all leak out through the indiscretions of the charming diarist: an empress's jealousy, a king's dyspepsia, a minister's *faux pas*, a mistress's ambition: of these things the grave historian would

take no heed were it not for the infallible finger of the gossip-writer, who points to them as actual living *causes belli*, as the germs of Sedan or Sadowa, as the seed of the July or the September *coup d'état*. Without these enlightening 'leaks,' the old Ship of State would be an uninteresting hulk indeed, floating idly on a 'painted ocean'—or a whitewashed one, which is much worse. The Georgian era would be dull indeed without the indiscreet correspondence of Horace Walpole. The Paston Letters are fifteenth-century treasures; Pepys, Evelyn, de Grummont, Greville—what illuminators are these wily but indiscreet old babblers, who lift the curtain from Stuarts and Hanoverians, and show us 'a man's a man for a' that'! The loquacious Fanny Burney speaks more eloquently from her diary than she does from her 'Evelinas' and 'Cecilias.' Antiquity would not be half so vivid if that Greek Boswell, Diogenes Laertius, had not lived.

The author, therefore, of 'Gossip of the Century' is plentifully fortified in his indiscretions by illustrious examples. He is evidently an old gentleman who has dined out for half a century, with celebrities as side-dishes, poets-laureate as *vis-à-vis*, and historians, novelists, generals and princes as next-door neighbors. 'Le moi est haïssable,' said Pascal; but the 'me,' the egotist, on this occasion is far from *haïssable*: he is distinctly agreeable in everything except the ponderous size of his volumes. These are as big—and as full—as the Wooden Horse of Troy, though the fulness is sometimes taken from books, and not from the author's own experience. There is hardly a personage of social or literary distinction, from Waterloo to the present time, whom the anonymous writer has not met or lassoed with an anecdote. He begins with the fascinating subject of court gossip—George IV. and his waistcoats, William IV. and his curious habit of talking aloud, the Duke of Kent (Queen Victoria's father) dying from a slight cold after 120 ounces of blood had been let to relieve (?) him, the ominous incident of the royal crown rolling off the cushion as it was being presented at Queen Victoria's coronation, and the Duke of Brunswick (Queen Caroline's brother), with his painted face, his fabulous millions and his thirty wigs. Eighty pages of this open a sort of catacomb of celebrities ranged in rows—like the Spanish kings at the Escorial—each labelled with his appropriate *bon mot* or reminiscence, which lead incidentally into side-chambers of table-talk and *ana* about Lady Byron, George Canning, Marshal Soult, Louis Napoleon, Talleyrand, Croker, etc. Charming illustrations of many of the famous people figure among the pages, which reproduce the immediate past very vividly. The 'at homes' of fifty years ago were crowded with the *élite* of London, then the meeting-place of exiles, conspirators, patriots, or agitators of the 'Young' France, Germany, or Italy of the day, every European country contributing its quota of pilgrims or politicians, of Mazzinis or Foscolos, of Heines or Rossetti to the *salons* of London or the insalubrious precincts of Leicester Square.

It is difficult to say which of the two volumes is the more entertaining, for though the text is peppered with italics and spiced with French and Italian not always absolutely immaculate, these objectionable eccentricities are lost in the general breeziness and abundance of the literary mention. Vol. I. is an encyclopaedia of small-talk apropos of men and women notabilities, legal and professional 'lights,' men of the sword, and women like Lady Blessington, George Eliot, Lady Lovelace (Byron's mathematical daughter), Mrs. S. C. Hall and her spiritualistic *stances*, Mrs. Somerville, Lady Franklin and L. E. L. Amid this maze of mention and anecdote the 'remembrancer' meanders in and out in a disconnected, unaffected manner, stringing beads and beans, among which now and then an 'Orient pearl' may be found. His prejudices are often strong, as when he excoriates Charles Dickens for his pomposity, vulgarity and immorality, or as when he fiercely assails the accuracy of Leslie Stephen's 'Dictionary of National Biography'—a very serious charge.

* *Gossip of the Century. Personal and Traditional Memories, Social, Literary, Artistic.* 2 vols. £10.50. Macmillan & Co.

Vol. II. is devoted almost entirely to musical and histrionic celebrities and their portraits,—Braham, Catalani, Lablache, Mario, Jenny Lind, Rachel, Pasta, and the whole starry host of constellated talent now become but a mere brilliant mist of memories, but living and burning and singing their spherulite songs still in the mind of the writer. A pleasanter book for a rainy day or a roomy shelf, whence it can be taken down at leisure, cannot be imagined. Fortune indeed have the opportunities of such a man been, and rich the remembrance of such social contact and converse as he has had.

The knights been dust,
Their old swords rust,

indeed. But the perfume—or it may be the vinegar—of their personalities has been distilled into a form that vanishes not, and sweetens and strengthens with age:—

Haec meminisse juvabit!

Mr. Cawein's "Moods and Memories"*

FROM HIS 'Blooms of the Berry' and 'The Triumph of Music,' Mr. Madison J. Cawein has selected a number of poems and published them, with several new pieces, in a very attractive volume entitled 'Moods and Memories.' Mr. Cawein is a young poet of many books. We have already had occasion to express our belief that he would do better to edit his work more carefully and to collect it into book form less frequently. 'Moods and Memories' is a step in the right direction—a new book, but one that is to stand in the place of two earlier ones. Much as we have criticised his past volumes, we have always maintained that he was worth it, and that is more than many of his brother singers are. His work has been full of faults, but at the same time it has never failed to show what we consider to be the promise of a real poet. What he lacks is restraint: what his verse lacks is simplicity and clearness. His art is over-decorated, and the structure often seems unsubstantial. With an almost unlimited vocabulary, his lines are sometimes so overburdened that they do not run easily and gracefully. The lyric Muse is not comfortable when she carries in her arms an unabridged dictionary. Yet at times Mr. Cawein writes a lyric that is free from these mistakes—a lyric so simple, so instant in its charm, and so thoroughly poetic that one is compelled to acknowledge the rarity and beauty of his gift.

One such lyric appeared in his 'Lyrics and Idylls,' published two years ago, and we are willing to let 'Noëra' excuse all that seems unworthy in the young man's verses. Many of his poems show that he has the dramatic instinct. He handles a story fairly well and is generally successful in his brief narrative pieces. His imagery is always new, his descriptions and interpretations of nature are accurate and fascinating, and his singing is fresh and free; but he needs to sing less, to study his art more seriously, to remedy the weak spots in his taste, to forget a portion of his vocabulary, and to recognize that his gift is great enough to deserve the most earnest and thoughtful consideration. We welcome this new-old collection as a token of Mr. Cawein's development, and we shall expect nothing but good things in his next book.

"Talks on Graphology"†

INDIVIDUALITY is discoverable in many things, in our clothes as well as in our characters, in microscopic sections of our hair as well as in our epidermis and our tissues. The gypsy reads marvellous futures in the lines of the hand, the geography of the palm, the delicate angles and geometries of the roots of the fingers. The physiognomist watches a sleeping face and uncoils its secrets; facial angles speak a potent language to Huxley and to the Egyptologist; and bumps and lobes communicate their hidden meanings to the phrenologist. Why, therefore, may not handwriting have

* Moods and Memories. By Madison Cawein. 8s. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
† Talks on Graphology. By H. L. R. and M. L. R. Lee & Shepard.

its individuality, its science, its hidden power of transmitting flashes of the soul behind it? The jerky individual will write a jerky hand, the growth of a nervous system overcharged with nervous fluid or with weariness. The placid temperament indulges in easy-flowing, rounded curves, full of rotund letters, symmetrical capitals, mathematically crossed 's' and microscopically dotted 's'. The careful chirographer makes a calligraphic poem of every word; the fashionable woman writes her MS. daddy-long-legs at the command of 'clique' or 'set,' showing that she has or that she desires no individuality.

In all this there is a grain of truth. 'H. L. R. and M. L. R.' take it and expound it, by the *mechanique céleste* of the imagination, into a world of suggestion that floats off before the eye many-colored as a bubble. They thoroughly believe in handwriting, or 'Graphology,' as a science capable of being dissected and analyzed, and of revealing the unknown character of the writer. Their little book contains a very pleasant and very ingenious discussion of the self-revelatory character of pothooks-and-hangers, of script and manuscript, and of the power of the scientific graphologist in reading not only 'between the lines' but in them the temper or temperament of the writer. What would they argue from the strikingly pretty handwriting of Carlyle, the feminine delicacy of Thackeray's notes, the scrawl of Walt Whitman, the unsentimental uprightness of Longfellow's letters, or the frail, shadowy angles indulged in by the French school of realists? Can we deduce the beautiful characters of Turkish Sultans from the beautiful MSS. of the Koran that lie by their tombs?

Miss Wilkins's Studies in Child Life *

IN 'YOUNG LUCRETIA, and Other Stories,' Mary E. Wilkins has done for child-life in New England what 'A New England Nun' did for the older community of that singular country. She has made an accurate and sympathetic record of their quaint and interesting little lives, and she has done it in such subdued and tender colors that the stories seem to us like the first outdoor April sketches of an artist when the warm tones of new spring life have just begun to soften the atmosphere, and the first fitful patches of green grass show here and there on the bosom of the thawing earth. Nothing that Miss Wilkins has done has been otherwise than picturesque. She has the gift of making her characters live before one. And she does this without effort, and by the simplest means. It is the secret of her touch. Cheerful, loyal, sturdy young Lucretia, with the smooth lines of yellow hair on her temples and her honest blue eyes, giving herself Christmas presents on the school-tree to keep up the family honor, because the other girls had called her aunts, who did not approve of such nonsense, 'awful mean,' is as distinct a personality as if we had seen the little girl ourselves stand up tremblingly to receive the pudgy bundles when her name was called out. And if we cannot agree with the sudden transformation of character of the two aunts, who were so touched by this act that they thereupon reversed all the crystallized habits of a lifetime, and in an hour became loving and giving, we know that the exigencies of the short story, like those of the drama, demand these sudden changes of heart. But we think that the heroism of Ann Liza, who confessed to her grandmother, after she had had several hours in which to hesitate, that she lost her patchwork on purpose, and little, obedient, gentle Mehitable Lamb, who endured disgrace and three bowls of thoroughwort-tea before she would be a 'tell-tale' and tattle on Hannah Maria, who had taunted her with such impeachment, are the gems of the collection. And when we see the evidences of the germs of this rigid rectitude flourishing in the childish hearts of these soft little bodies, we realize the training and environment that have made life to the true New Englander, from the first moment of consciousness, a constant decision between right and wrong,

* Young Lucretia, and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. \$2.25. Harper & Bros.

and understand the high degree of perfection to which conscience—a mysterious and troublesome inheritance to most of us—can be brought in its native atmosphere.

Poetry and Verse

THE SECOND ISSUE of the *Muses' Library* is a two-volume edition of the Poems and Satires of Andrew Marvell, and in every particular it is a worthy follower of the first, which was a two-volume Herrick. The editor, Mr. G. A. Aitken, gives in his introduction a concise and careful sketch of the poet's life, the principal details of which are known by students of English literature, in which are brought forward several new facts concerning Marvell that have come to light during recent years. Until now the best edition of Marvell had been that made by Dr. Grosart in 1872. Writing of this in his preface Mr. Aitken says, after acknowledging his indebtedness to his predecessor:—'Much remained to be done. Many allusions remained unexplained, while some of the notes upon historical events and persons were written under misapprehension, and the errors in identification led to mistakes in the dating of the poems.' He generously adds:—'I do not forget that it is far easier to correct others than to be a pioneer.' The Notes accompanying the Poems and the Satires are very serviceable, and there is an excellent index to persons mentioned in each volume. Collectors, it may be, will wish to possess both volumes, but the lover of poetry will be satisfied with the Poems alone. We have already spoken of the beautiful typography of the books in this series. It remains for us only to urge those who desire the most complete and convenient editions of these poets to purchase the *Muses' Library* as it is issued. The next author, we believe, is to be John Gay. (\$3 50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

A HANDSOMELY-PRINTED volume of 'German Lyrics' comes to us from Mr. Henry Phillips, Jr., who has gathered here his translations from about ninety German poets. Mr. Phillips' versions are excellent, and his collection is so comprehensive that we wish he had published his work for the public rather than printed it for private circulation. (Philadelphia.)—A NEW EDITION of Mr. Andrew Lang's admirable 'Blue Poetry Book' has appeared. It is a small book, convenient for the use of children in schools, and contains brief sketches of the lives of the authors represented, written by Mr. R. McWilliam. (60 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)—TWO CHARMING little volumes are the new Cameo Editions of Dr. J. G. Holland's most popular poems, 'Bittersweet' and 'Kathrina.' As successful narrative poems written in this country, they richly deserve the compliment of being so exquisitely printed and bound, as well as their etched frontispieces. They will always appeal to a large audience, and the influence they exert is a good one. Poetry they are, not for the few, but for the many. Delightful gift-books these. \$1.25 each. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

MR. WILLIAM CARLETON is another maker of poems whose popularity is very extensive. His latest contribution to literature is a volume entitled 'City Festivals,' the contents of which are not very unlike those in his previous works. His prefatory essay (in prose) sets forth his hopes, fears and beliefs in poetry, and tells the reader what poetry should be. His final essay (in verse) is called 'The Festival of Family Reunion,' and is a comical piece of solemnity. Mr. Carleton's blank-verse is very individual: we shd. know it wherever we saw it. He writes of Heaven in blank-verse. This is an ornate book, and is sold for \$2. (Harper & Bros.)—'AN ERRING WOMAN'S LOVE' is told in verse by the poet of passion, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose portrait is given as a frontispiece. The other illustrations in this over-decorated volume remind us of the forbidden cigarette-package pictures: the figures are so lightly clad that the whole book is in a chill. Mrs. Wilcox writes unevenly and earnestly. Oftentimes she does a very commendable piece of work. She has a vigorous way of singing, and when it is neither careless nor coverless it is interesting. Some of the poems in this collection are admirable. (\$2.50. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

Classical Literature and Education

PROF. JOWETT's translation of Plato has so long been the standard English version of this author that its characteristics are well-known; the appearance of the third edition bears witness to the favor with which it continues to be received. The life of translations is among the curious and interesting things of literature. Some survive from generation to generation in default of a better version; thus the cumbersome and faulty rendering of Josephus by Whiston has held its own to the present time, and has even become a household book through the medium of cheap editions, because there was nothing better. Other translations

have had the literary individuality of the translator so impressed upon them that, though they may be far from the original, they have become a part of our own literature; so Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil. A third class is that in which a close adherence to the original is associated with appropriateness and charm of literary form, as in Butcher and Lang's 'Odyssey.' In which class will Prof. Jowett's work be ranked? It shows on every page the hand of the industrious student, who loves his author and appreciates to the full the difficulties and greatness of his task. The rendering is not hampered in its literary expression by excessive literalness; it is rather free and easy than slavishly faithful. Considering the amount of ground covered, positive errors, so far as we have been able to discover, are comparatively few. At the same time it is not a masterpiece of translation; it does not attain to the ideal of Plato in English which we hope will be reached in this generation. It is lacking in that nimbleness—if we may use the word—so characteristic of the original; it fails in the light touch, the delicate turns, without which Plato in any dress is not altogether Plato. In this, of course, much may be said about the disadvantage of our heavier idiom in contrast with the more plastic Greek, and the impossibility of transferring the aroma of any great work, in which form and matter are so happily united, from one language to another. At the same time, it is possible, as shown in some passages of a recent translator, to give us Plato's thought with more of the vivacity, the inspiration of the original, than Prof. Jowett has done. We doubt, also, whether the introductions to the dialogues, though in some cases quite long, will be found a very satisfactory guide by most readers. Be that as it may, however, no translation of Plato's complete works has thus far appeared equal to that under consideration. The third edition contains many changes, and the pages throughout have been provided with marginal references—to the great convenience of the reader. The printer's art has been utilized to the best advantage in making the volumes attractive; but it may be questioned whether the disposition of the same matter in a larger number of volumes of smaller size would not have added still more to the reader's satisfaction. (5 vols. \$20. Macmillan & Co.)

MR. LEAF'S 'Companion to the Iliad' is a new departure, an experiment—as the author himself intimates. It is a commentary designed for those who read only translations of the poem. It begins with a short but well-written introduction, which gives the present status of the Homeric question, laying emphasis upon the Continental or Achæan origin and divided authorship of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Then follow notes to the twenty-four books in order, with references to the lines of the 'Iliad' and also to the page and line of the translation by Lang, Leaf and Myers. There is also an introductory section to the notes of each book, dealing with the matter. The notes themselves range over matters of archaeology, history, criticism and interpretation suggested by the text, and are mainly drawn from the author's larger commentary on the original. On the whole the comments are sprightly and interesting; how far the book will be useful depends on the extent to which readers of the translation can be induced to consult a separate commentary. The recent attack on Greek studies in England and the University Extension movement have in one way worked toward the same result; they have done much to educate the general public in regard to the value of the Greek literature, and have awakened a demand for the popularization of Greek studies. This volume is thus in a line with Moulton's 'Ancient Classical Drama' and Miss Clerke's 'Familiar Studies in Homer.' (\$1.60. Macmillan & Co.)

PROF. CHURCH has turned his happy talent of writing for young people to account again in a volume of 'Pictures from Roman Life and Story,' which may be taken as a sequel to his 'Roman Life in the Days of Cicero.' Each of the thirty-six chapters presents some striking scene or personality in the period from Augustus to Marcus Aurelius. We are admitted to the circle of Mæcenas, walk with Horace, make the acquaintance of the Plinies and Martial, and catch an outline view of the infamous but interesting Regulus. Along with these brighter glimpses are mingled horrible scenes from the court life of the first century—the fall of Sejanus, the mad deeds of Caligula, the atrocities of Nero and others of like character, which are only in part offset by stories about Galba, Titus, Trajan, and Marcus Aurelius. Several of the chapters are thrown into the form of contemporary letters. The plan of the book is well-conceived, the subjects are those of general human interest; but in many places the author has not reached his usual level. We hope that he has not written himself out. But though the style is less vivacious than might have been expected, the book will be found instructive and entertaining by those to whom it is addressed. We wonder whether such misprints as *Aquiline* for 'Esquiline' (p. 17) are a tribute to that

provision of the copyright law which makes it necessary for English books to be 'set up' in this country in order to secure protection. (\$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.)

THE TRANSLATION of Lucian Müller's 'Metrik der Griechen und Römer,' by Prof. Platner, adds a much-needed volume to the list of really serviceable text-books. The system is much simpler, the treatment more concise, than that of Schmidt's work, which for some years has been the only handbook of any value accessible in English. The introduction treats the development of Greek and Roman versification briefly and clearly. The subject of rhythm and metre, and the phenomena of the foot and the verse, are presented not only theoretically but also with constant reference to the poets commonly read. No branch of classical education has fared worse at the hands of American teachers than the oral rendering of Greek and Latin verse. In some schools it is not attempted beyond the rote mastery of a few wooden rules of prosody. In others it is correctly enough taught, but only as a matter of routine, and students are not given enough practice to catch the spirit of it. And in a few schools yet—*miserable dictu!*—the old sledge-hammer recitation of the line with a 'full stop at the end of every foot' is still kept up, though neither teachers nor learners have ever been able to see any sense in it. The number of students who, after four or six years' study of the classics, are able to recite the verses of Homer or Virgil in such a way as not to make the worthies of the olden time turn in their graves—or their urns—is shockingly few; and that, too, saying nothing about the matchless melody of the choruses of Greek tragedy, or the never-cloying sweetness of the Horatian stanza. Prof. Platner's book deserves warm commendation, not only because excellent in itself, but also because it strikes at the root of a weakness in our classical education. No teacher or student who has mastered it can fail to have a more intelligent appreciation of ancient poetry, and a clearer idea of the correct oral expression of it. (75 cts. Boston : Ally & Bacon.)

IF THE OTHER volumes in the series of Great Educators shall prove to be as attractive and helpful as this one on 'Aristotle and the Ancient Educational Ideals,' by Thomas Davidson, practical teachers as well as students of pedagogy will welcome their appearance. The book might as well have been named 'An Outline of Greek and Roman Education'; for while some attention is given to Aristotle as the central figure, we are treated to a general view of the whole field from the beginnings of Greek civic life down to the closing of the schools at Athens by Justinian, 529 A.D. Owing to the haste of preparation, or of printing, or both, typographical and other minor errors are more abundant than they should be in a work of this kind. When a new edition is prepared the matter as a whole may well be amplified somewhat; most readers would prefer a fuller statement, for example, on Athenian education, and on the training of the Hellenistic period, particularly at Rome. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

New Books and New Editions

MR. GEORGE F. PARKER, who recently edited a collection of Mr. Cleveland's speeches and letters, has now issued 'A Life of Grover Cleveland, with a Sketch of Adlai E. Stevenson.' It covers the whole period of Mr. Cleveland's life, giving not only an account of his public acts as Mayor of Buffalo, Governor of New York and President of the United States, but—what is really more interesting as well as immeasurably fresher—a narrative of his early life and education, and of the steps by which he became prominent in public life. Mr. Parker, like most biographers, is prone to look at none but the good qualities in his hero; but he writes in a decorous style free from rhetoric and sentimentalism. Nothing really new in regard to Mr. Cleveland's character is revealed in the book—indeed, we could hardly expect that in the case of a man so well-known, but the traits with which the public are familiar are shown to have been always characteristic. The book contains a letter from Mr. R. W. Gilder, giving his impression of the ex-President derived from an intimate acquaintance, and pointing out those qualities which have given Mr. Cleveland a special attraction for literary men; and a very interesting communication from Miss Frances J. Crosby, concerning reminiscences of Mr. Cleveland's early manhood. The short sketch of Mr. Stevenson will be useful to those to whom the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate was until recently little more than a name. The book is well-printed in a cheap and handy form. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)—THE SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER number of *Putnam's Monthly Historical Magazine* (Salem, Mass.), gives the paternal pedigree of the ex-President. His great-grandfather, the Rev. Aaron Cleveland (who introduced a bill in the Connecticut Legislature of 1779 looking to the abolition of slavery), was the father of the Rev. Charles Cleveland of Boston, and was also an ancestor of Bishop Cleveland

Coxe. His great-great-grandfather, another Rev. Aaron Cleveland, died in the house of his friend Benjamin Franklin, who wrote his obituary for *The Pennsylvania Gazette* (1757). Through Major Stephen Sewall (1657-1725), a brother of Judge Samuel Sewall, the clarist, Mr. Cleveland is related to many of the Higginsons of Boston and Salem; and through the father, Henry Sewall (1614-1700), to Longfellow.

'TAXATION AND WORK,' by Edward Atkinson, is a collection of articles on the tariff and currency questions, originally contributed to some of the daily papers. It deals mainly with the question of free trade or protection, but touches also on various other revenue topics and on the silver question. It is written with the clearness of thought, the mastery of facts and the incisive style that characterize all of Mr. Atkinson's works, and, at this time especially, is sure to find interested readers. The main point in the author's argument is the same that we noticed in Mr. Schoenhof's treatise—that high wages do not make a high cost of production; but this is by no means the sole point dwelt upon, all the various aspects of the tariff question being considered, both theoretically and practically. Mr. Atkinson believes firmly in the ultimate triumph of the free-trade principle, though he warns his readers that the approach to free trade must be gradual, and that too sweeping a reduction of the tariff ought, in any case, to be avoided. In conclusion he expresses the opinion that a reform in the tariff may soon be made by the conjoint action of the wisest men of both parties, thus establishing a new and better policy on a lasting foundation. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY comedies of Carlo Goldoni certainly deserve a place among the Masterpieces of Foreign Authors. In the neat little volume edited by Helen Zimmern we have an excellent introduction, both biographical and critical, and four of the plays—sufficient to indicate Italy's debt to the Venetian dramatist. Lightness, grace, and what so rarely goes in unison with these qualities—deep humanity, these are the marks of 'Goldoni, good, gay, sunniest of souls,' as Browning called him. It is curious to note in the midst of a bright scene the very tone of Euripides. Two servants will have a bit of dialogue full of the philosophy of human life, that might have been translated literally from the stichomythic verse of the Athenian poet. It was a firm hold that classicism had on Italy, when the founder of modern Italian comedy thus echoed the manner of the days of Pericles. The translation is somewhat too literal, but it is never crude. (75 cts. A. C. McClurg & Co.)—A REVISED EDITION of Edwin Checkley's 'Natural System of Physical Training' has just appeared. What we are most struck by in this new issue of the little book is the very large number of testimonials to the merits of 'The Checkley system' (printed in an appendix), from laymen and experts alike. As in one of these testimonials, quoted from *The Critic*, we are found to say, 'We commend the book,' all we need add now is that we recommend the book. (\$1.50. Brooklyn : Wm. C. Bryant & Co.)

IN MACAULAY'S 'Warren Hastings' we have an example of a book review which has survived the book it undertook to criticize; it is an instance of a criticism so thoroughly independent of the subject-matter, that after a lapse of fifty years it has lost none of its original charm. It has fallen to the lot of Alexander Mackie to prepare this essay as a classic for our schools by illustrating the laws of rhetoric and composition. He has discarded the old method of discussing the history of words and questioning the soundness of reasoning, but has given us one hundred pages of critical notes well worth perusal. These notes are inserted for two purposes. The first is to illustrate rhetorical principles by calling attention to figures of speech, to the laws of the order of words, of sentence structure, as well as to expository methods generally. The second is to point out and emphasize Macaulay's characteristics of style and thought. The book has in addition numerous footnotes, an excellent map of India, with a lengthy introduction on the country, and a sketch of Macaulay's life, making it a valuable classic for the study of English composition. (81. Longmans, Green & Co.)—WE HAVE RECEIVED several small works on currency questions. One of them is a collection of short essays reprinted from the *Century Magazine* on 'Cheap-money Experiments in Past and Present Times'; but as we noticed these papers recently, when they were issued in pamphlet form, we need say nothing of them now except that the volume in which they appear is handsome and convenient. (75 cts. The Century Co.)—MR. ROWLAND HAZARD has sent us a copy of an address on 'The Silver Question' which he delivered at an agricultural fair in Rhode Island, in which he presents the usual arguments against the present silver policy of the United States. The address is accompanied by another pamphlet entitled 'Sundry Prices taken

from Y^o Account Book of Thomas Hazard, Son of Robt (call'd College Tom). It consists of extracts from an account beginning in 1750 and ending in 1785, which show in a striking manner the effect on prices caused by a depreciated currency. The pamphlet is both curious and historically valuable. (Wakefield, R. I.: *Times* print.)

MR. PAGET TOYNBEE'S 'Specimens of Old French' are selected from the literature of the Northern tongue, the Langue d'Oïl, and its dialects. They are preceded by a short grammatical analysis, and followed by a very full glossary. The aim seems to have been to make as representative a collection as possible without using extracts already included in other collections, and giving preference to those that show some connection either with English history or English literature. Notwithstanding these limitations the 'Specimens' are in most cases of high literary merit, and will give the reader a fair idea of the riches of old French. We have examples of the epic from the 'Song of Roland' (the Field of Roncesvalles), from the poem of 'Aisacans' (probably the Elysian Fields of Arles, of which Harriet W. Preston has told the legend in a recent number of *The Century*, but without mentioning the battle or the poem), and from the 'Chanson de Saisnes'; specimens of the Arturian romances of Perceval and of Lancelot; of the Chronique from Jordan Fantosme, Villehardouin and Froissart; of legends of the saints, law books, translations of the Scriptures, books of travel, miracle plays, fables, sermons, ballads, rondels and *pastourelles*. Many of these pieces are not easily come by, having been previously published only in the 'Translations' of learned societies or in costly, many-volumed collections. Most of them present no more difficulty to the reader of modern French than Chaucer does to the English reader; and, while Chaucer may be said to stand practically alone, we are here given a glimpse of a whole literature, much of which is on his level. A rather long list of *errata* makes it extremely unlikely that the reader, who is cordially invited to hunt for more, will meet with much success if he accepts the invitation. (44. Macmillan. Clarendon Press Series.)

Boston Letter

I WAS TALKING with Charles Carleton Coffin the other day about his new book, 'Abraham Lincoln.' While describing his work upon that history (for it is not to be a story, but a history based upon personal recollections, interviews and investigations), Mr. Coffin told me some interesting facts regarding his method of writing. He works only in the morning, and after having begun a book continues steadily at it day after day until it is finished. To stop writing, he finds, would not relieve the mind as he cannot lose sight of his characters until 'Finis' is written. He admits that the brain works quicker and brighter at night, but he also thinks that the strain then is greater and the after result bad. Although, as I know, Mr. Coffin's words flow very easily from the tip of the pen—and he is also as interesting in conversation as he is in writing—yet he told me that he always jotted down his lines of work before he began the first chapters of a new book. These served him as notes serve a lecturer.

I grew so interested in what he told me that I asked him for a little description of the beginning of his literary career. My interest was intensified from the fact that I had recently been looking over again his brilliant war letters to the *Journal*, written over the name of 'Carleton' from the fields of battle thirty years ago. 'Well,' said Mr. Coffin, reflectively, 'it may seem curious, but I can date the origin of my stories from one especial moment. I was at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876 watching with admiration the illustration of the great development of our country, and as I stood there it flashed over my mind what a splendid object-lesson for boys. If only they could have as forcibly put before them the patriotic lessons of the past in America, how it might help them.' 'Then,' continued Mr. Coffin, 'I recalled that there was no story of the Revolution giving in chronological order events of the time. With this thought in my mind I wrote the first three chapters of 'The Boys of '76' and sent them to the Harpers with a note explaining my aim and outlining the rest of the proposed book. They thought very well of the idea and told me to go ahead on the work. That book, curiously enough, is now the most popular of all my works. I wrote several other volumes dealing with early history, and then took up my stories of the Rebellion.'

As a matter of curiosity I inquired of Mr. Coffin if many of his books circulated in the South. He said that those dealing with the Rebellion naturally did not, but he was pleased to know that the other books were received with much favor there. His war experience certainly furnished him with an inexhaustible series of tales. It was Mr. Coffin who first brought the news of the victory of Gettysburg to the Capitol; and as he described how the leaders

of that day fairly danced and hugged each other with joy when, mud-stained and almost breathless, he dashed into the city with the news, it seemed to me I could see the picture plainly. He was with Whitelaw Reid at Gettysburg, Mr. Reid, at that time a youth of twenty-five years, being the special correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, writing over the name of 'Agate.' The two correspondents narrowly escaped death at Gettysburg. In his letters to the *Gazette*, which I found occasion to look over a day or two ago, I noticed that Mr. Reid paid a special compliment to Mr. Coffin's bravery and skill in news-gathering.

Inquiring at Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s regarding books to be expected soon from that firm, I found that in the early part of November they will put forth Margaret Deland's new story; 'A Book of Famous Verse,' selected and arranged by Agnes Repplier, containing selections from the best British and American poems; the last volume of poems by John Greenleaf Whittier, which has already been privately printed, under the title, 'At Sundown'; and a new work by the Rev. Dr. William E. Griffis. The Whittier volume, which is to be illustrated from designs by E. H. Garrett, is to contain the poem to Holmes written by Whittier shortly before his death, and published in *The Atlantic*. The verse which, by a mistake in copying, was omitted from the poem as it appeared in the magazine, will be inserted in the book. Dr. Griffis' new work is intended especially to interest young people in the history, folk-lore and art of Japan. I know of no one who could make such a work more interesting or valuable than Dr. Griffis.

The Columbus celebration at Hampton Falls on the 21st inst. took the form of a memorial to Whittier. The procession marched to the residence of Miss Gove, where the poet died, and halted there while a dirge was played. After the flag had been presented to the town by Mr. John T. Brown of Newburyport, a friend of Whittier, verses written for the occasion by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford were read. In the opening stanza Mrs. Spofford referred to Whittier's work. Her poem read:—

Over these fields blest by the poet's story,
 Into whose purple passed
 The dream he dreamed the last—
 On the wild piping of the autumn blast
 Float out, Old Glory !
Let the sun kindle thee at morn and even
 Where the storm-eagles fly,
 In thy far home and high,
 Born of the colors of the morning sky
 And dipped in dyes of heaven.
There is no beauty like thy lofty winging,
 No splendor does thee wrong,
 Nor any great stars throng
 Lucent as thine, nor sounds there any song
 Sweet as thy singing.
With gleams of hill and hearth about thee going,
 The deck where breezes lag,
 The alien sea-blown crag,
 Thou makest home, O mothering, fathoming flag,
 Beneath thy flowing !
Dear is the sight of thee in desert spaces
 Of lone South seas, and dear
 Where mighty meteors veer
 Across the dark and frozen North to flee
 Thy heroes' faces.
In dim, sad countries by thy passing gilded,
 The shadow of thy fold
 About the outcast stoled.
 Makes free of all the land whose boundless mold
Once outcasts builded.
O, thou, the symbol of a vast salvation !
 Out of old sin and death
 Thou bringest light to birth,
 The Messenger of God, thou givest earth
 Its new creation !
Still o'er these sheltering shores when time is hoary—
 'Neath thy untarnished wing
 The whole world Westering,
 And the race risen a white and perfect thing,
 Float out, Old Glory !

I am told that the estate of Whittier is valued at \$122,000, and that the copyrights on his works give now an income of \$3500 per annum. The value of the estate largely exceeds any estimate made by his friends.

The poem at the Medford celebration was written and read by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop. Mr. Lathrop informed me that it was not an ode, but a monologue, 'supposed to be the utterance of Columbus speaking to us now from a point beyond this earth.'

It was entitled, 'Columbus, the Christ-Bearer, Speaks,' and was written partly in rhyme and partly in blank-verse.
BOSTON, October 25, 1892. — CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

'HAS IT STRUCK YOU,' writes 'Argus,' 'that in Tennyson has gone the last but two of our truly grand old men? And where are there any successors to them, even in the bud? Gladstone the man is still my idol of old, though as pseudo-statesman I would off with his head to morrow in a twinkling. Then there's glorious John Ruskin, half-gone already. The breed of giants is over. You have no more Washingtons, Lincolns, nor even big politicians like Clay or Webster, nor wide-sprawling poets like Whitman. All because of this curse of sham equality which schools every dolt into the delusion that he is an embryo genius himself.'

IN ANSWER to Argus's question, on Aug. 27, whether any copies of 'The Athenian Oracle' were to be found in America, Librarian C. A. Cutter writes from Boston that a copy of the third edition (3 vols., London, 1704-06, with a supplement dated 1710), may be found at the Boston Athenaeum. And E. W. of this city writes:—'In view of the extreme scarcity of the work, it may interest Argus to know that beside his own copy and the one in the British Museum, I have in my library a very complete copy, in four volumes, octavo. It is the third edition, London, 1728, in the original old calf binding, with indexes complete, and in perfect condition. I picked it up some years ago, but have never seen another copy.' And from Librarian Charles Orr of the Case Library, Cleveland, Ohio, comes this little note:—'If Argus's copy of "The Athenian Oracle" is the original work as issued (20 vols.) it must indeed be rare, since it had become quite scarce even in 1703, when the 4-vol. edition was printed. I have a copy of this latter edition, with the supplement of 1710. What a delightful old work it is, and how rarely it is mentioned. It would be a pious thing to reprint it, word for word. I should be pleased to hear more about Argus's copy. Mr. Leslie Stephen's sketch of Dunton in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is the best I have seen. Do you know of any better? I have opened every book of chat about books for several years, hoping to find something about the "Oracle," but in vain. Have you a copy of Dunton's "Life and Errors?"'

ON THE SAME THEME, Mr. John C. Green of Mechanicsville, N. Y., sends me this communication:—'I have a book (in two vols.) which, I think likely, is the one referred to by the writer in the *New England Courant* in 1722, though it is not, it would seem, the book or books which "Argus" mentions. As a matter of possible interest to you I copy the title-page of Vol. I:—"The | Athenian Oracle | being an entire | Collection | of all the valuable | questions | and | answers | in the | old | Athenian Mercures | intermixed with many cases in divinity, history, philosophy, mathematics, love, poetry, never before published | . To which is added | An alphabetical table for the speedy | finding of any questions | By a member of the Athenian Society | Vol. I. | The second edition more correct. | London | Printed for Andrew Bell, at the Cross-Keys and Bible in Cornhill, near Stocks Market, 1704 | ."

'ARGUS' WRITES:—'From these replies it appears that a copy of the third edition of 1704-6 lies in the Boston Athenaeum, and that another copy—also claiming to be the third edition, but dated 1728—is owned by "E. W." of New York. Mr. Orr possesses what seems to be a duplicate of the Boston copy. Mr. Green's two-volume copy is evidently another of the various editions, made up of selections, as I suppose, just like the little book of extracts recently issued by a London house. There were, apparently, a number of these between 1700 and 1750. My volume consists of the original sheets, one folio of two pages, being the complete semi-weekly issue, dated on Tuesdays and Saturdays, for the years 1690-94. It lacks the first title-page, if it ever had one, but all the rest are in perfect condition, with all the elaborate indexes, themselves the most curious reading conceivable. The volume also contains the entire set of quarterly supplements, which Lowndes says are extremely rare. These are learned papers on English and foreign books of the day, scientific, theological, literary, and are in fact the forerunners of our modern magazines. I wish Mr. Orr had mentioned the size of his edition, whether folio or (like E. W.'s) octavo. It seems probable that the *Oracle*, like *The Spectator*, *Tatler*, etc., ran out of its original edition and the reissues were got up in handier sizes.'

SOME YEARS AGO, when Mr. Wemyss Reid's monograph on Charlotte Brontë was first published, it fell to my lot to write a review of it for a certain New York daily. In the review I gave

Mr. Reid's arguments to prove that the name was not originally Brontë. The paper with my review in it fell into the hands of one Dr. John Brontë, Dromore, County Down, Ireland, who wrote a communication to the — to disprove Mr. Reid's statements. I sent copies of the paper containing his communication to Dr. Brontë, and received a polite letter of acknowledgment from him, in which he said that his father was a nephew of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, 'incumbent of Haworth Church, and Charlotte's father.' In looking over a lot of old letters I find this one from Dr. Brontë, written in 1877. In it he says that he well remembers the talk in the family about 'Jane Eyre.' 'It is quite fresh in my memory,' he writes, 'to hear of a letter coming to her uncles and aunts with a sum of money as a present, to be divided among them, out of the proceeds of the sale.'

AS GOSSIP about the Brontës is always apropos, I give herewith a letter written by Charlotte's father to a brother in Ireland, a copy of which Dr. Brontë sent me. It is very characteristic of the fierce old parson, and I do not think it has ever been published before:—

HAWORTH, NEAR KEIGHLEY, Dec. 50th, 1855.

Dear Brother:—I hope that you are now in better health than formerly. My sister Mary's letter gave me to understand that you were in but a very delicate state of health. I should think that if you cannot manage the farming business rightly, my brother James would be able to supply your place. From the newspapers I learn that farmers in Ireland are now doing well, and if they would, in Ireland, leave off their Bible-burning, murdering and quarrelling with each other, and, as rational beings, attend to the improvement of their country, owing to its good soil and harbors, mines and many other peculiar advantages, Ireland, instead of being a degraded country, would be one of the most respectable portions of the globe. Trade here has for a long time been very flat. But it is now something better. Numbers, vast numbers, are out of work, and owing to this and the high price of provisions there is a great deal of distress, and the poor rates are high. But we hope for better times. God is over all, and the supreme dispenser of all wants; and He will have mercy on the poor, and send them relief in the best time and manner. Considering my advanced age, I have much reason to be thankful to God that I am yet able to preach once or twice on the Sunday, and to do some duty besides. My son-in-law still continues with me, and is very kind. He generally sees your letters. Hoping that you are all well, and doing well in reference to time and eternity, I remain

Your affectionate brother,

P. E. W.

To Mr. Hugh Brontë, Ballinaskeagh, near Loughbrickland, Ireland.

I WONDER HOW an author feels when he sees 'eighty-four thousand' on the title-page of his book. Very happy, I should think, and particularly so when that book is a serious work, and not an ephemeral novel to be devoured by the reader to-day and by the flames to-morrow. Such has been the experience of Sir John Lubbock, whose 'Pleasures of Life' has reached a sale of that many volumes and is still selling. Now, he is out with a new volume on 'The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World We Live In,' which is as popular in its intention as 'The Pleasures of Life.' Banker-poets are not so unusual: we had one in Samuel Rogers and have another in Mr. Stedman; but the banker-naturalist is a new combination. That is what Sir John Lubbock is. When he is not at his desk in 'the city,' as the principal section of London is called, he is watching the habits of the ants, of which he has a thriving village at his country-place. Sir John has a more than passing interest in America, for his daughter is the widow of an American whose sad and untimely death is still regretted by all who ever knew him.

A FEW WEEKS since, I printed the following quatrain, based by Miss Edith M. Thomas upon a confession I had made to her as to the trouble my conscience sometimes gave me in the country:—

When down he sits to cultivate the muse
Some vine or tree unpruned invites outside;
Outside his study demon hard pursues,
And through the window pen and parchment chide.

The lines were headed 'The Rural Muse.' And this is what they have inspired Mrs. Emma Carleton of New Albany, Indiana, to write and send to me, under the title 'Inspiration':—

When thy Muse, with wooing eye,
Lures thee forth to nature-haunts,
Then, from study-window nigh,
Mandate back to labor flaunts;
Cans't thou not her wisdom trow—
In those signals meaning ken?
Plant thy desk beneath the bough,
And Apollo speed thy pen.

Antonin Dvorak

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY of Music did well in securing the services of Dr. Antonin Dvorak as its Director. He is so widely and so favorably known in this country as a composer that it seems hardly necessary to recall his merits; yet it may not be amiss to direct attention once again to the fact that he is one of the three greatest living composers not especially identified with the opera, the other two being Brahms and Tschaikowsky. Dvorak is known as a writer whose fund of melodic ideas has been very large, who has made admirable use of the airs and rhythms of his nation—the Bohemian,—who has always cast his music in clear, symmetrical and engaging forms, and who has shown a brilliant mastery of the orchestral palette. It was unnecessary to introduce him to the American public with a hymn and a sermon; and it might have been better to bring him forward with some of his familiar and admired works, such as the ever lovely 'Scherzo Capriccioso,' than with new ones whose success was problematical. As a matter of fact, although there was much vociferation from the chorus and the persons who stood up in the spaces behind the orchestra chairs, neither the triple overture, 'Nature, Life and Love,' nor the 'Te Deum' ('written expressly for the occasion'), made a deep impression upon the audience. Both compositions were more than good. They were beyond question the works of a master; but they were not master-works. Had they been produced by a member of the Manuscript Society we should have hailed them with exceeding great joy. But as the products of the fertile brain of Dr. Antonin Dvorak, they had much the same effect as made-over summer costumes. No one finds fault with a woman of moderate means when she tempers her August robe to meet the November blast, but on the contrary praises her skill. When an eminent composer, however, makes a—shall we say it?—hash of some of his old ideas and dresses it with a *sauce piquante* of orchestration, we always grumble.

Yet there were admirable bits in both compositions. The 'Sanctus' of the 'Te Deum' was specially fluent in melody, and the slow episode of the second overture movement was really beautiful in treatment, though not profound in thought. The best music of all was the first movement of the so-called 'Triple Overture,' which was bright and cheerful in air and instrumentation. The last movement, founded on the final scene of Shakespeare's 'Othello,' sounded extremely weak after the fine ideas with which that tragedy has inspired a man so much less gifted than Dvorak as Arnold Krug.

In spite of the comparative failure of these new works, Dvorak is the most valuable of all recent additions to the musical instructors at work in this country. No doubt his presence will be an incentive to aspiring composers; and his teaching will be worth more than mere money.

"Tears, Idle Tears"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I clipped the following incendiary paragraph from the pages of *The Critic* during the past summer:—"An entirely new edition of 'The Wide, Wide World,' with eight full-page pictures and thirty other illustrations, by Frederick Dielman, will be published by J. B. Lippincott Co. This American story is said to be one of the four books most widely read in England."

This work is included in Mr. Arthur Penn's list of a hundred best novels in English, and if entitled to be entered amongst the first four, according to the verdict of the British public, why, of course, everyone ought to read it. I found it an extraordinary book, based upon an analytical synopsis of lamentations. Miss Warner is evidently impressed with the fact that this 'Wide, Wide World' is 'but a vale of tears.' The heroine, Ellen Montgomery, was but a child; but she shows a precocious genius in giving vent to her woe. Mark the variety of her lachrymations, which for convenience of comparison are arranged alphabetically.

Ellen 'almost shrieked,' 'answered with another gush of tears,' and 'her agitation was excessive.'

She 'began weeping again,' and 'broke forth in an agony of tears.' She 'burst' on twelve different occasions, nine times 'into tears' and once each into 'an agony of tears,' 'another fit of sorrow' and 'uncontrollable weeping.' Once she 'almost burst into tears,' and on another occasion 'a burst of tears relieved her.'

She 'could not help shedding some tears' and she 'covered her face with her hands and sobbed out.' She cried 'without qualification, and also a great while,' 'as if her very heart would break,' 'as if she had never cried before,' 'bitterly,' 'heartily,' 'heartily again,' 'very heartily,' 'for joy' and 'over her letter.' Also she 'had been crying,' 'had had a good cry,' and 'Pilgrim's Progress' 'made her sometimes cry.'

She 'drew long, sobbing sighs,' and something or other 'drew streams of tears down her cheeks.'

Her eyes 'filled' (twice), 'filled fast again,' 'filled with tears,' 'shown through tears,' 'watered' (thrice), 'were gathering tears very fast,' 'were glistening,' 'moistening,' 'red,' 'swimming' and 'watering,' while her 'eyelashes were wet' but twice.

She 'fell upon her knees in a perfect agony of weeping' and 'flung herself on the ground to let sorrow have full sway.'

She 'gave way' to 'a burst of tears,' 'a good bit of crying,' 'an overwhelming burst of sorrow' and 'a violent burst of grief.'

She 'hid her face in the towel to cry instead of making the ordinary use of it,' and through it all 'joy kept company with bitter weeping.'

She 'mingled bitter tears with eager prayers,' was 'moved even to tears' while something or other 'opened the sluices of her eyes.'

She 'poured forth her whole heart in prayers and tears' and 'quivered from head to foot with convulsive sobs.'

She 'spent a good part of the afternoon in crying,' 'silence was only broken by her sobs,' and she 'shed bitter tears now and then.' She 'sobbed,' 'sobbed more gently,' and 'sobbed aloud and even screamed,' 'her sobs went nigh to choke her' and 'sobitude saw many a tear of hers that week.'

She 'threw herself on the floor in a passion of grief,' while something 'threw her back into fresh fits of tears.'

Her 'tears almost choked her,' 'began to drop again,' 'brought no relief,' 'came faster than her words,' 'dropped into the water,' 'fell faster,' 'fell from the eyes,' 'fell much too fast for eyes to do their work,' 'flowed,' 'flowed faster than ever,' 'followed in a flood,' 'gushed forth,' 'had to be wiped away,' 'kept coming all the time,' 'knew no measure,' 'mingled,' 'poured,' 'ran down her cheeks,' 'ran down her face and frock,' 'ran fast again,' 'ran fast down her face and fell into her lap,' 'rose to her eyes,' 'rushed to her eyes,' 'sprang to her thoughts,' 'started,' 'streamed from her eyes' and 'used to flow abundantly when they could, unseen.' Besides this, her tears were 'blinding her' (twice), 'choking her,' 'fast coming,' were 'in her eyes' (twice), 'many a time there,' 'poured out fast,' 'running down her cheeks,' 'wet upon her cheeks,' were 'wrung from her,' and, worst of all, 'would drop down on her Bible.'

'Unspeakable tears were shed,' 'violent tears burst forth,' and indeed 'it seemed as if she would pour out her very heart in tears.'

She 'watered the rock with tears,' 'wiped away a few tears,' and also 'glad tears,' 'went to sleep with wet eyelashes,' 'words were spoken with a sob' and 'washed down with bitter tears,' and all this time she 'wondered, waited and wept.' She wept, 'bitterly' (twice), 'violently' (twice), 'with all the vehement passion of her childhood,' and finally 'wept herself out.' She 'was weeping,' 'as she answered,' 'as she spoke,' 'afresh,' 'very much,' 'with mixed sorrow and thankful joy.' She wept over a 'letter again and again,' and over another twice a day for six days. Besides this, she wept 'on her pillow,' 'on a rock, on Alice's neck, on her lap, on her frock, on the Bible, on 'poor pussy,' and converted Van Brunt by one application on the back of his hand. On one occasion she 'yielded helplessly to grief,' and on another 'the tempest of tears seemed to gather force as it flowed.'

Although 'now and then the old fit of weeping would come,' 'many were the bitter tears she had known,' and 'many were the silent tears that rolled down and wet her pillow,' 'while even her thoughts resolved themselves into tears,' still she was insatiable, and 'wished to be where tears could burst and her heart could break unseen.'

She was a pale, delicate child, and while 'she would weep till she wept her eyes out,' 'her whole frame quivering with hysterical sobs,' 'her heart flowing away in tears,' 'the pent-up tempest bursting forth with a fury that racked her little frame from head to foot,' we are told that unfortunately 'convulsive weeping only exhausted her.' After all this, it is difficult to see why anyone should be 'surprised to see several large tears' on her person.

It would be unjust to assume that Ellen was always in this maudlin condition; and, in fact, Miss Warner takes special pains to point out more than one occasion when she did not cry, although no obstacle apparently offered. Thus we are told that 'she almost burst into tears,' 'was almost crying,' 'was in constant danger of bursting into tears,' and 'was in question whether to give way to tears.' On other occasions there was no room for doubt, for we are told explicitly that 'there were no tears,' 'tears did not come,' 'tears could not come then,' 'she did not shed tears now,' and once 'she was too weak for violent weeping,' so of course it was useless to begin.

After reading this extraordinary book, one is forced to the conclusion that the author could only have secured so great a variety of expression by first preparing such a list as the above, and then

checking off each phrase as used. One wonders, too, in a dazed sort of way, what may be the other three 'books most widely read in England.'

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20, 1892.

[The other three books are said to be the Bible, 'Pilgrims' Progress' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'—EDS. CRITIC.]

William Henry Bishop No. 2

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Since the case of the two James Lane Allens, I have never been so much surprised, in the same direction, as to-day. Naturally the surprise in the present case is greater than the former. I fancy most of us have flattered ourselves that that sort of coincidence could not happen to us, but my experience may prove that nobody can be altogether free from cause for misgiving. I hold the theory that the simplest and most expeditious methods are the best, and, for some time, I used to sign my articles only W. H. Bishop. I have a number of books with no more than that on the title-page. Then, in order to separate myself from another writer, whose name was within but one initial of my own, it seemed desirable to sign myself William Henry Bishop, in full. Having made with some reluctance this sacrifice to circumlocution, I considered myself safe from being confounded with others, even in the minds of the careless. This has served very well for some ten years. But now, by the morning mail from America, I receive a small book, signed 'W. H. Bishop,' which is none of mine, and a letter signed 'William Henry Bishop,' which I never wrote. An unknown correspondent, arrogating or owning these names, writes me, from Toledo, Ohio, in care of *The Atlantic Monthly*, that he also has gone into literature. His tone is not at all regretful of the coincidence, but quite complacent, and he sends me the brochure by way of a specimen of his work—the interest enhanced by a franc and more extra postage to pay. My correspondent tells me that for the present he contents himself with signing only 'W. H. Bishop,' but notifies me, with a certain air of menace, that he has both a natural and legal right to sign 'William Henry Bishop' in full. The brochure bears the imprint of 'the Modern Crusader Publishing Company,' Toledo, Ohio. It appears to be the only book the company has issued as yet, though another, by the same author, is announced as about to appear, and is said to be now running serially, as 'a political novel,' in the *Toledo Blade*. The prices for supplying these works by wholesale are also given, and if the contents were better they would not be dear. Thus \$4000 for 100,000 copies—it is nothing at all. I should like, if only for the credit of the name, to praise the specimen of the work of my homonym before me, but it cannot conscientiously be done. It purports to be a campaign document, stigmatizing the silver heresy—in which one redeeming detail I am entirely with it,—and advocating Harrison's re-election. A very laudatory prospectus states that the bulk of campaign literature is wasted, because it is never read; and these books are devoted to the purpose of being read. I should say the effect of the pamphlet before me would be considerably more wasted on being read than if never read at all. But I will not go into that matter; perhaps it may be very good campaign literature, all the same.

What redress is possible in such a case? or is it a case for redress? Does a writer's name, after considerable use, not constitute a sort of trade-mark which a new-comer may not rightly infringe upon, even if, by chance, he be really possessed of the same name? Is it not rather for the later-comer than the other, in that case, to choose some other signature? to find some means of making such a clear distinction between the two persons that there can never be any damage or annoyance on either side? If the new writer aimed to accomplish better work than the other, he would naturally do this, in the interest of his own literary ambition. If, on the contrary, he did not aim to do better work, he might possibly like to follow the other as closely as possible, in the express hope of deriving some small benefit for himself from the resulting confusion. Without means of knowing anything at present about my distant homonym, it seems not unwarrantable to ask such questions as whether he really exists, whether other people have had any similar experience, whether it may not be only a new kind of subterfuge that has arisen. May my name have possibly been associated with campaign documents in the fallacious idea of making them seem a trifle more readable than they were? Have any other names been utilized in the same way?

But really the only serious question for the moment is that I shall be made to appear in the eyes of some persons as a frantic worker for the Republican party and Harrison, whereas the truth is exactly the opposite.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

VILLA MEYNADIER, NICE, Oct. 7th, 1892.

A Book-Buyer's Complaint

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

We regret to find in the last number of *The Critic* a 'complaint' from Mr. Edmund A. Angell to the effect that 'A Tale of Twenty-Five Hours' in our Summer Series had been previously published in a magazine under another name. We regret this because such an expression implies not only misrepresentation on the part of the authors and publishers, but also a curious remissness on the part of the editors of *The Critic*. Had the editors examined 'A Tale of Twenty-Five Hours' before admitting this 'complaint' to their columns, they would have found the following prefatory note signed by the authors:—'In a different form and under another title this story was published four or five years ago in an American magazine and also as one volume of a British series. Carefully revised by its authors, it now appears for the first time in its proper proportions.'

October 24, 1892.

D. APPLETON & CO.

[The purchaser of the book who sent his 'complaint' to this office objected, not to the republication of the 'Tale,' but to its republication with a different name from that under which it originally appeared. After he had bought it under the impression that it was a new book, it was little consolation to find a prefatory note to the effect that it was not. Many books are ordered from advertisements, and unless the fact that a work is not a new one is advertised, there is nothing to guard the person who has already bought and read it from buying it a second time. Moreover, while the authors were writing a prefatory note, it would have been better if they had stated when, under what name, and in which of the American magazines the story had first made its appearance, and the name of the 'British series' referred to. Mr. Angell certainly has a grievance; yet no one who knows the name of D. Appleton & Co. would suspect the firm of attempting or even desiring, to sell its publications by misrepresentation. Nor in printing our correspondent's 'complaint' had we any intention of implying culpable intent on the part of Messrs. Matthews and Jessop.—EDS. CRITIC.]

Tennysoniana

TENNYSON was appointed Poet-laureate in 1850—the year of his marriage. He was an Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1853, and was patron of the living of Grasby Vicarage, Lincolnshire (of which his brother Charles was curate from 1835 until his death in 1879). His wife was Emily, daughter of Henry Sellwood, Esq., and niece of Sir John Franklin. Lord Tennyson had two children—Hallam and Lionel. Hallam was born on August 11, 1852, and was educated at Marlborough College and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, in 1884, Audrey Georgiana Florence, daughter of Charles John Boyle, and granddaughter of the Vice-Admiral Courtenay Boyle, third son of the seventh Earl of Cork. She was then thirty years old. They have no children. Lionel was born in 1854, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. On February 28, 1878, he married Eleanor Mary Bertha, only child of Frederick Locker, the poet, and his first wife, Lady Charlotte Christian Bruce, daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin, famous as an ambassador and for his collection of marbles. Lionel served some time in the India Office, and died in India on April 20, 1886, leaving three sons—Alfred Browning Stanley, born 1878; Charles Bruce Locker, born 1879, and Michael Sellwood, born 1883. His widow has since married Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is better known as an essayist than as a barrister. In 1884 the poet was created Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. His son Hallam succeeds to the title and estates. He is his father's literary executor, and will be his biographer. Concerning the task entrusted to the new Lord Tennyson, Mr. Theodore Watts writes in *The Athenaeum*:—

'The biography of such a poet, one who has had such an immense influence upon the literary history of the entire Victorian epoch—indeed, upon the nineteenth century, for his work covers two-thirds of the century—will be a work of incalculable importance. There is but one man who is fully equipped for such an undertaking, and fortunately that is his own son—a man of great ability, of admirable critical acumen, and of quite exceptional accomplishments. His son's filial affection was so precious to Lord Tennyson that, although the poet's powers remained undimmed to the last day of his life, I do not believe that we should have had all the splendid work of the last ten years without his affectionate and unwearied aid.'

Tennyson's own room, in which he died, is described as the plainest of apartments. A dressing-table, a plain bedstead and a little table beside it make up the list of furniture; but there were plenty of books always lying about.

A Tennyson memorial service will be held to-morrow (Sunday) morning in the Brick Presbyterian Church (Fifth Avenue and 37th Street), at which the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, author of 'The Poetry of Tennyson' will officiate; the Rev. Dr. Cuthbert Hall of Brooklyn will take part in the service; and a male quartette, with the choir, will sing some of Tennyson's religious poems.

The pure white pall, wrought by the children belonging to Keswick Industrial School, was brought down to Aldworth by the Rev. H. D. and Mrs. Rawnsley, of Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick. It was made of homespun 'Ruskin' flax linen, backed with white silk and embroidered with pink wild roses. In the centre was inscribed the fourth and last verse of 'Crossing the Bar,' with a laurel-wreath above, and a baron's coronet and the initials 'A. T.' below. The embroidery was composed of forty two flowers, emblematic of the number of years both of the poet's married life and of his tenure of the office of Laureate. Such of the wreaths and flowers as could not be placed with the coffin were put into a tiny basket-carriage drawn by a very small black pony with flowing tail and prettily arched neck.

Authorized articles on the portraits of the late Lord Tennyson from the pen of his friend, Mr. Theodore Watts, will be commenced in an early number of the *Magazine of Art*. The selection from the large number of existing portraits of the poet has been approved, says *The Publishers' Circular*, by Lord Tennyson's family, and includes all that are authentic representations of him. Lady Tennyson and the Laureate's son have taken special interest in the publication.

The Strand Magazine for November, 1891, in a brief article on 'Tennyson's Early Days,' published, among a number of illustrations, the portrait of an old retainer of the Tennyson family, who boasts that, 'poet or no poet,' she carried the late Laureate on her back when he was a baby; and one of an old land surveyor who claimed to have coached the Tennyson brothers in arithmetic when they were preparing for the University, and who, at eighty-five, was still able, last year, to earn a living by the practise of his profession.

Bonamy Price once had a chance talk of some length with Tennyson in a public conveyance, 'In Memoriam' proving the subject of most of it. When it became necessary for them to part, the poet took the professor by the hand affectionately, and said:—'Who are you? I must know who you are.' But Bonamy Price said, 'No, I'm nobody'; and the story is so told as to indicate that he did not reveal himself.

In an interview on Tuesday Mr. William Morris, the Socialist poet, whose name has been prominently mentioned in connection with the Poet-Laureateship, said that he decidedly desired the abolition of the office. Few persons, he added, would trouble themselves about anybody holding the post if Lord Tennyson or Wordsworth had not held it. A literary friend of the late Robert Browning states that Browning strongly favored the continuance of the Laureateship, as it was, in his opinion, a great advantage to the literature of England.

'In some quarters,' says Mr. Henry W. Lucy in the *Tribune*, 'it is recommended that the opportunity should be seized to abolish the Laureateship. Though it has a salary of 72/- a year attached, it is purely honorary. Nevertheless the Poet-Laureate is expected to come out with something on special occasions. The result is not usually conducive to his fame. At one time, in addition to his salary, the Poet-Laureate had sent to him from the royal cellars a butt of Canary wine. In these more prosaic days this tribute was commuted for a money value, 27/- a year being added to the income of the Poet-Laureate.'

In the same paper Mr. Edmund Yates makes this statement:—'Sir Theodore Martin is to have the first refusal of the Poet-Laureateship, and the Queen's decision will certainly be acceptable to Mr. Gladstone, as there has been an intimate acquaintance for many years between him and the genial and accomplished author of the *Life of the Prince Consort*, who was also one of Tennyson's close friends, and they saw a great deal of each other.' The suggestion that Sir Theodore should succeed Tennyson because he wrote a life of the Prince Consort and 'saw much' of the Laureate is almost as powerful as Gail Hamilton's plea in behalf of Mrs. Maybrick—that the portrait of a Justice of our Supreme Court who happens to be connected with Mrs. M. by marriage hangs in the library of one of the other Justices. Sir Theodore, however, is seventy-six years old, so even his friendship with Tennyson may not avail him.

'For our delight,' says Andrew Lang, 'the Laureate gave new voices and colors to nature: we who know him know a different universe—a world otherwise construed as it were—than they who died before he came. This is the only true originality: to write thus is for a poet to place himself among the immortally great—

where Homer and where Milton are, in the company of Wordsworth and of Keats.

THE POET AS A PATIENT

IN AN INTERVIEW with a reporter for *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Dr. Dabbs, the friend and physician of the poet, said:—

'The end did not come unexpectedly to either Lord Tennyson himself or to his friends. Some months ago, when Sir Andrew had seen him, the note of alarm was given, and though there was no real illness up to last week we all knew that the end must come before long. And Lord Tennyson was not the man to fear death. He may not have looked forward to it, but he knew it was inevitable, and that was enough. One of his chief characteristics was his splendid moral courage. I have known many men, but never one with more calm courage than he displayed whenever there was occasion for it. It is now twenty-four years,' Dr. Dabbs went on, 'since I first began to attend Lord Tennyson; indeed, he has been my patient ever since I began to practise medicine. His constitution was altogether marvellous, and he was not often ill. But when he was ill he was a thoroughly good patient—not, mind you, an unreasoning patient; far from it. He was not the man to take anything you might put into his mouth—he would know the why and wherefore; but, once his reason was satisfied, and he knew that he could trust you, he would accept your remedies. And he did not easily complain. He was not a man of many words, and he bore much in silence, and never made others miserable because he suffered.'

'But had not the incessant smoking injured his constitution?' 'Not in the least, and I never liked Tennyson better than when I found him sitting with his pipe in his mouth. He was so genial, so quietly content then. It was delightful even to see him, Sir Andrew and I were talking of this point only last night at Aldworth House, and between us we made, quite unconsciously, a couplet on the subject. I was saying, "Smoking does not injure the man who works and thinks," and Sir Andrew added, "No, it only hurts the lazy man who drinks."

'Another characteristic of Lord Tennyson,' Dr. Dabbs continued after awhile, 'was his practical religion. There was no nonsense about him, no fine speeches and no pretence; but if ever there was a man whose Christianity was practical, it was he. It came out in everything. In all these years I have never once heard him judge anybody harshly, or be otherwise than most tolerant and most indulgent with the faults and foibles of others. No slander ever crossed his lips, and he was patient with those who looked at things from a very different point of view than he did. Take Mr. Gladstone, for instance. It would be impossible to think of two men whose political opinions differed more widely than did those of Gladstone and Tennyson, but for all that Lord Tennyson had the greatest and most affectionate regard for Mr. Gladstone; and only a very few days ago he talked to me of his love for, and in many ways his admiration of, the genius of the Premier.'

THE BIRTHPLACE AND BURIAL-PLACE

Mr. Henry W. Lucy cabled as follows to the *Tribune*, shortly after the Laureate's death:—

'It is not improbable that public esteem and regret for Tennyson may take the form of purchasing his birthplace and preserving it through all time as a personal memento. The proposal was mooted some months ago, when the estate came into the market, but nothing came of it, and Somersby is still to be had for ready money. It stands in the most picturesque part of the Lincolnshire Wolds, twelve miles from Louth, whither, more than sixty years ago, Alfred Tennyson trudged, carrying with him the manuscript of some verses written by himself and brother. An enterprising bookseller adventured upon this work a sum variously fixed at 10/- or 20/- The estate extends to 1200 acres, and is estimated to produce a rental of 1600/- but it is only Somersby House, where Alfred Tennyson was born, that comes within the limits of the proposal. It is a comfortable, pleasant, homely residence, sheltered by immemorial trees, among which probably the Talking Oak may be found by diligent inquiries. It contains a Gothic dining-hall, with groined ceiling and stained-glass windows, the carving of the overmantel being similar to a miniature rood screen. Close by is the manor house, a battlemented structure, locally supposed to be the Moated Grange where Mariana lived "Aweary, aweary."

'When the excavation was made for the burial of Browning there were found remains which reference to Abbey records identified as those of a Mrs. Simpson, wife of a barrister. She had been laid there in the closing years of the last century. At that epoch residents in Westminster claimed the right to be buried in the Abbey, as if it were an ordinary parish church. The records of burials in the cloisters in the early years of the century include

those of Mary Fisher, daughter of a college cook; Frances Elizabeth Gayfare, daughter of an Abbey mason; Sara Wilks, wife of a college butler; Ann Foster, niece of an Abbey carpenter, and so on. Thus it has come to pass that the precious space within the fane is so occupied by the bones of obscurities that there is no room left for the great dead of the next century. Evidence given before the Royal Commission, which sat two years ago, shows that at the outside not more than sixty additional interments may take place. In Posts' Corner there is room only for three more, and here will lie Alfred Tennyson, between Robert Browning and the bones of Mrs. Simpson, wife of an otherwise forgotten barrister.'

THE CHARGE OF EXCLUSIVENESS

MR. THEODORE WATTS, who knew Tennyson well, has this to say, in *The Athenaeum*, in regard to the Laureate's 'exclusiveness':—

'What has been called his exclusiveness is entirely mythical. He was the most hospitable of men. It was very rare indeed for him to part from a friend at his hall door or at the railway station without urging him to return as soon as possible, and generally with the words, "Come whenever you like." The fact is, however, that for many years the strangest notions seem to have got abroad as to the claims of the public upon men of genius. There seems now to be scarcely any one who does not look upon every man who has passed into the purgatory of fame as his or her common property. The unlucky victim is to be pestered by letters upon every sort of foolish subject, and to be hunted down in his walks and insulted by senseless adulation. Tennyson resented this, and so did Rossetti, and so ought every man who has reached eminence and respects his own genius. Neither fame nor life itself is worth having on such terms as these. One day Lord Tennyson, when walking round his garden at Farringford, saw perched up in the trees that surrounded it two men who had been refused admittance at the gate—two men dressed like gentlemen. He very wisely gave the public to understand that his fame was not to be taken as an abrogation of his rights as a private English gentleman. For my part, whenever I hear anyone railing against a man of eminence with whom he cannot possibly have been brought into contact, I know at once what it means: the railer has been writing an idle letter to the eminent one and received no reply.'

BAYARD TAYLOR'S VISIT TO FARRINGFORD

ONE OF THE pleasantest descriptions of his life at Farringford was given by Bayard Taylor in a letter to Mr. Stedman in 1867:—

'He was delightfully free and confidential, and I wish I could write to you much of what he said; but it was so inwrought with high philosophy and broad views of life that a fragment here and there would not fairly represent him. * * * We dined at 6 in a quaint room hung with pictures, and then went to the drawing room for dessert. Tennyson and I retired to his study at the top of the house, lit pipes, and talked of poetry. He asked me if I could read his "Baudicea." I thought I could. "Read it, and let me see!" said he. "I would rather hear you read it," I answered. Thereupon he did so, chanting the lumbering lines with great unctuous. I spoke of the idyl of "Guinevere" as being perhaps his finest poem, and said that I could not read it aloud without my voice breaking down at certain passages. "Why, I can read it and keep my voice!" he exclaimed triumphantly. This I doubted, and he agreed to try after we went down to our wives. But the first thing he did was to produce a magnum of wonderful sherry, thirty years old, which had been sent to him by a poetical wine-dealer. Such wine I never tasted. "It was meant to be drunk by Cleopatra or Catharine of Russia," said Tennyson. We had two glasses apiece, when he said, "To-night you shall help me drink one of the few bottles of my Waterloo—1815." The bottle was brought, and, after another glass all around, Tennyson took up the "Idylls of the King." His reading is a strange, monotonous chant, with unexpected falling inflections which I cannot describe, but can imitate exactly. It is very impressive. In spite of myself I became very much excited as he went on. Finally, when Arthur forgives the Queen, Tennyson's voice fairly broke. I found tears on my cheeks, and Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson were crying, one on either side of me. He made an effort and went on to the end, closing grandly. "How can you say," I asked (referring to previous conversation), "that you have no surety of permanent fame? This poem will only die with the language in which it is written." Mrs. Tennyson started up from her couch. "It is true!" she exclaimed, "I have told Alfred the same thing!" * * * When I spoke of certain things in his poetry which I specially valued, he said more than once, "But the critics

blame me for just that. It is only now and then a man like yourself sees what I meant to do." He is very sensitive to criticism, I find, but perhaps not more than the rest of us; only one sees it more clearly in another.'

"A MORNING WITH TENNYSON"

UNDER THIS TITLE Col. T. W. Higginson contributes to *Harper's Bazaar* of Oct. 22 an interesting article, from which the following passages are taken:—

'Presently I heard a curiously marked and rather heavy footstep coming from an adjoining room, and Tennyson stood before me. I saw a tall man of curiously un-English aspect—as un-English as Lord Beaconsfield—carelessly dressed, almost slovenly, with a noble but somewhat narrow head, a domelike forehead, fine eyes and a tangled black beard streaked with gray. He advanced toward me, gave me his hand—which is, or was, a good deal for an Englishman—then sidled away to the high mantelpiece, leaned against it, and said, with the tone of a vexed schoolboy: "I am rather afraid of you Americans—your countrymen don't treat me very well. There was Bayard Taylor—" And he went on with a long complaint of a letter which had lately appeared, one which Taylor had not meant for publication, but which an injudicious friend had printed. Strange to say, the effect of this diatribe was not merely to amuse, but to put me entirely at my ease. I had no intention of writing anything about him personally—and have never before done so—and it was evident that with this assurance he would feel that he had said his worst, and would be kind and friendly thenceforward, as proved true. He took me to his study, showed me his favorite view, led me through the garden, and was as kind as possible. He talked a great deal, and seemed, like Wordsworth, to dwell a good deal on himself, and perhaps from the same cause—isolation from the world. "Tennyson likes unmixed flattery," said Lord Houghton to me afterward; and Tennyson himself more than once mentioned a man's opinion of his own poetry as an element in the character of the man; thus of Lowell, "he does not like my poems very well." All this was not carried far enough to be offensive, but it was unmistakable. Something far more agreeable was that remarkable knowledge of out-door nature, which has often been pointed out in his poetry; he would say, in leading me through the garden, that this or that plant was one which did not grow in America, and always correctly.'

The most interesting event of the visit was a call, proposed by himself, on his neighbor, Mrs. Cameron, the celebrated amateur photographer. I was very familiar with some of her pictures; had been astonished by the ideal and dramatic groups she would form out of village children and housemaids; and had, indeed, been told, what observation afterwards confirmed, that she selected all her maids for their profiles. So the invitation was eagerly accepted, and Tennyson led the way through garden paths and a brief wood path to the house. The door was opened to us by Mr. Cameron, certainly one of the most picturesque figures to be seen anywhere; with a head like that of Sir Henry Taylor, as photographed by Mrs. Cameron, a benign and thoughtful face, with a superb white beard. He wore a long dressing-gown of 'baby-blue,' heavily trimmed with rich black velvet, set off by a massive gold watch chain that encircled his neck. We had called ostensibly to inquire after a little girl who was supposed to be dying, the youngest of the maids, and a favorite in the Tennyson family; and we were at once ushered upstairs to a large room where the child lay unconscious in bed, with Mrs. Cameron and half a dozen maids grouped around her. It was a strange scene—the motionless maids sitting or standing, each more or less beautiful in feature; the silent and sombre Tennyson; the picturesque master of the house, all gathered around a lovely unconscious child of twelve years or so, in all the dignity of approaching death. I felt as if I were profaning, by the presence of a stranger, a scene of human sympathy so purely domestic, and, indeed, almost feudal, in its bearing. Afterwards Mrs. Cameron—who has since also died—descended with us to her own domain, and showed me portfolio upon portfolio of her photographs, bidding me choose. I naturally began with one of Tennyson, bearing his autograph; a very dishevelled one which he had christened 'The Dirty Monk' a tolerably appropriate designation. Mrs. Cameron, who was full of vivacity and persuasiveness, compelled Tennyson to sign, then and there, a certificate that 'The Dirty Monk' was, with one exception, the best photograph he had ever had taken. I chose also two noble heads of Darwin and Carlyle, the latter an experiment in photography, taken on the wrong side of the glass, and thus securing a singularly Rembrandish effect of shadow. I took also a head of Mrs. Stillman, taken when Miss Spartalis, and posing as Tennyson's 'serene, imperial Eleanore'; and a pair of twin heads, 'The Marys at the Sepulchre,' for which one of the maids

whom I had seen had posed. These, with the Eleanore, may be seen at Fay House, in Cambridge, the home of the Harvard Annex. All her photographs claim, more truly than any I have ever seen, the character of original works of art.

Prof. William Swinton

PROF. WILLIAM SWINTON, who died in this city on Monday evening, was born in Salton, near Edinburgh, April 23, 1833, and was educated at Knox College, Toronto, and at Amherst, Mass., where he was a member of the class of '57. In 1858 he began to preach, but he afterward adopted the profession of teaching, in which he was singularly successful. While still at Amherst College he contributed to *Putnam's Magazine* a series of papers called 'Rambles Among Words: Their Poetry and Wisdom.' These were published in book form in this city in 1859, and reprinted in London in 1861. Mr. Swinton became attached to the staff of the *New York Times*, and at the outbreak of the war joined the Army of the Potomac as field correspondent. His letters were highly praised by eminent European soldiers. Mr. Swinton was most widely known as a writer of school text-books. It is estimated that his royalties reached the sum of \$25,000 annually. His first great financial success was won with 'Swinton's Outlines of the World's History,' which was written while he was Professor of English in the State University of California, where he was called at the founding of the University in 1868. This was followed by 'Swinton's Primary History of the United States' and a 'Condensed History of the United States.' Then he came back to philology and published 'Swinton's Word-Book,' 'Swinton's Word-Primer,' 'Swinton's Language Lessons' and 'Word Analysis.' He also published a series of school geographies and reading-books which have maintained an equal popularity. William Swinton was one of seven children, of whom only his brother John, a well-known journalist of this city, survives him. He leaves several children.

Dinners with the Novelists

THE FOLLOWING editorial article from the London *Daily Telegraph* of Aug. 12 is founded upon a number of extracts from Prof. Egan's essays printed several weeks ago in *The Critic*:-

Leigh Hunt once wrote a book, now almost completely forgotten, called 'The Feast of the Poets,' but it has been reserved for an American gentleman named Maurice Francis Egan, who appears to be an L.L.D. of Notre Dame University, to dine, in imagination, with the novelists of the last half of the present century, and he has given a most amusing summary of what may be termed 'gastronomical fiction,' in the American *Literary North-West*. The writer starts with the somewhat questionable postulate, that the art of dining in literature is as important as it is in real life, and that readers of novels have lost all respect for the heroine in white satin of the beginning of this century, who never dined in the proper sense of the term at all, but at the most quaffed a clear draught from a crystal spring or plucked a ripe peach from an overladen tree, just after Orlando had rescued her from the brigand's cave. The perils which these distressed damsels endured in haunted castles and damp vaults, always in the inevitable white satin dresses, might have been mitigated by a decent dinner. This, no doubt, is very smart writing, and to a certain extent may be aptly applied to the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Porter, and Miss Benger; of 'Anne of Swansa,' and of the gifted, but for the most part anonymous feminine contributors to the *Minerva Press*, the heroines of which were much too busily occupied in being made love to and occasionally going mad in white satin, while their ladies' maids, as Sheridan put it in 'The Critic,' went mad as beseemed their degree in white muslin. Still, had Dr. Egan pursued his researches a little further on in the century—say, up to the period just before the advent of Dickens and Thackeray—he would be fain to grant that the novelists of the late Georgian and the early Victorian era occupied themselves to a remarkable extent with the affairs of the cuisine. There are plenty of good dinners, breakfasts, and suppers in Theodore Hook's 'Gilbert Gurney' and 'Jack Brag,' and the novels of Mrs. Gore, who was as popular in her time as Miss Braddon is in our own, are replete with culinary sketches.

We are afraid that Dr. Maurice Francis Egan's acquaintance with the works of the mother of the intensely literary house of Trollope is somewhat limited, else he would have had the candor to admit that Mrs. Frances Anne Trollope, the authoress of a very bitter book of travels, 'The Domestic Manners of the Americans,' and of a host of more or less sensational novels, now very rarely read, has plenty to say, both in her romances and her descriptive essays concerning food and feeding on both sides the Atlantic. People are continually dining and giving dinners in 'The Widow

Barnaby' and in 'The Vicar of Wrexhill'; while in that strange romance of slave life in the South, 'Jonathan Jeafferson White-law,' the unquestionable, but still unrecognized, forerunner of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' there is a description of a breakfast at the house of Colonel Dart, a Louisiana planter, inimitable in its wealth of sparkling and graphic details. Nor does it seem very probable that the sage of Notre Dame University has paid much attention to the novels of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, who in addition to her 'Idler in France,' her 'Idler in Italy,' and her 'Conversations with Lord Byron,' published more than a score of essentially 'fashionable' novels, containing numerous excursions on the culinary art. In a work of fiction, called 'The Two Friends,' Lady Blessington describes, with rank humor, a dinner of only two covers which was served in an immense banqueting hall, the host being the father of the heroine, who was the only guest. A solemn maître d'hotel and four stalwart footmen were, however, ranged in due order in front of the sideboard. Unlike the generality of heroines, who are supposed to be superior to the infirmities of humanity, the young lady really felt hungry, and although certain reminiscences of the cook's propensity to take snuff did cross her mind, her appetite compelled her to eat, or at least, to attempt to do so. Still, she could not contrive to procure anything of the character of what Dr. Egan's fellow-countrymen call a 'square meal.' The clear vermicelli soup was guiltless of any taste save that of tepid water, of which it was mainly composed; the 'vol-au-vent à la financière' was almost entirely filled with cocks' combs, button mushrooms, and melted butter; while 'friture de poulet,' peeping from a wilderness of dry parsley, looked so flaccid, instead of being crisp, that she could not venture to taste it. Equally unsatisfactory was the 'fricandeau' of veal with sorrel, which concluded the first course, and the second service only presented three roasted thrushes enveloped in blankets of bacon and surrounded by a forest of watercress, with some thistle tops smothered in half-cold marrow, and 'eggs in snow' resembling much more 'eggs in soap suds.' The feast terminated with a sweet omelette; and the novelist proceeds to say that gladly would the heroine have hailed the appearance of a plain mutton-chop, or the wing of a chicken boiled or roast, or in short of any simple viand to allay the pangs of hunger which so fiercely assailed her. It may be suspected that the heroine's distaste for the clear soup, the 'vol-au-vent,' the 'eggs in snow,' and the other pretty, tiny kickshaws, winding up with the sweet omelette, was, to a great extent, engendered by the fact that Lady Blessington's own early life had been spent in Ireland, at a period when an implacable war was raging between Great Britain and France, and when Irish landlords, even those in comparatively comfortable circumstances, cared little for the 'messes' prepared by French men-cooks, and were, besides, two patriotic to patronize such outlandish dishes. However, if Dr. Egan has somewhat ungallantly given the cold shoulder to the lady novelist of the past, he does ample justice to the modern fashionable novelists, conspicuous among whom he places Ouida and Miss Braddon, while acknowledging that 'the most good eating' is to be found in the pages of the authoress of 'Puck' and 'Moths.' Dr. Egan qualifies his eulogy by remarking that there is a strange unreality about Ouida's dinners, "garnished though they be with scraps of Latin, chunks of French, and allusions to Baudelaire, 'the Piper that played before Moses,' and other names known only to the 'femmes savants.'"

Being a good American, the writer of the article in *The Literary North-West* naturally gravitates in the end to Dickens and Thackeray. He expresses the opinion that Dickens 'spread too bountiful and heterogeneous a board,' and he has always had a suspicion that the reason why Little Nell and Paul Dombey and other of Dickens's children died so young was because he did not know how to feed them properly. Yet surely the Fat Boy in 'Pickwick' knew how to feed? Sam Weller did ample justice to that memorable 'Swarry' of the Bath footmen, which consisted of a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings, and Tiny Tim, in 'The Christmas Carol,' was properly fed at one Christmas dinner. And Tiny Tim, we all rejoice to know, did not die. For Thackeray, as a culinary authority, the critic has high praise. 'He was perhaps a little too fond of whitebait,' says Dr. Egan, 'but he had a really Parisian taste; he knew how to respect the feelings of the cook he immortalized. Of all English novelists, he is the only one worthy of a crown of parsley leaves,' and the worst that Dr. Egan can say of him was that he was not 'advanced.' What the critic means by 'advanced' it is somewhat difficult to say. The great author of 'Vanity Fair' was an accomplished gourmet, versed in the mysteries of all the cuisines of Europe, and of the Indian curry kitchen besides; and at the period when Charles Dickens was toiling as a solicitor's clerk or a newspaper reporter at a very humble salary, Thackeray, under the pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, or FitzBoodle, or some other of his many aliases, was writing his 'Memorials of Gormandizing' in

Fraser's Magazine—elaborate descriptions of fashionable gastronomy, as he had studied and appreciated it, for he was the intimate friend of the two great epicures of the Reform Club, Lord Marcus Hill and Mr. Aguado, at the time when the 'chef' of the great establishment in Pall Mall was Alexis Soyer. Novelists are mortal men and mortal women for all their genius, and in their fictions they usually relate their own experiences, and give utterance to their own thoughts thereupon. Dickens belonged essentially to the 'bourgeoisie,' and his dinners in fiction were eminently middle-class ones. Thackeray was born and educated in a higher social grade, and in his most straitened years consorted with persons far richer and more elevated in rank than he was. He dined with them before he could afford to give dinners himself; but the taste for refined gastronomy was implanted within him at a very early stage of his career, and he could not help writing on culinary subjects with the humor of a Brillat-Savarin and the grace of a Charles Monselet.

Great Names of the Century

[The Chicago *Star-Ocean*]

THE nineteenth century is calling the roll of the children of its first quarter, and one by one its great men are, like Col. Newcome, answering 'Adsum.' Lowell, Whittier, Whitman, George William Curtis, and now Tennyson, have recently answered the call, and the waning years of the century will, in all probability, place the fatal asterisk against the few remaining names of the great men who began life in the century's first quarter. To select a list of the most noted men and women born in the first quarter of the century is not as easy a matter as it might appear at first glance, so much depends upon individual preference and training in such selection. But as far as possible the following list has been selected in accordance with what is believed to be the claim of these names, as ascertained by general familiarity of the public with their achievements or by the particular position they occupied. The date of birth alone is given:—

1801—Cardinal Newman, Bulwer.
 1802—Victor Hugo, Dumas the elder, von Ranke, Hugh Miller, Landseer, Cardinal Wiseman.
 1803—Ralph Waldo Emerson, Liebig.
 1804—Benjamin Disraeli, George Sand (Mme. Dudevant), Richard Cobden, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Franklin Pierce, Johann Strauss, the composer.
 1805—Hans Christian Andersen, de Lesseps, Sainte-Beuve.
 1806—Bulwer Lytton, John Stuart Mill, Kossuth, Edwin Forrest.
 1807—Longfellow, Robert E. Lee, Garibaldi, Jules Grévy, Agassiz.
 1808—Whittier, Gautier, Merrivale, Rothschild, Strauss, the theologian; Andrew Johnson, President MacMahon, Cardinal Manning, Mazzini, Jefferson Davis, Napoleon III., Wergeland (Norway).
 1809—Mrs. Browning, Charles Darwin, Alfred Tennyson, O. W. Holmes, Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, Poe, Jules Favre.
 1810—Montalembert, Cavour, de Musset, Napier of Magdala, Schumann, Leo XIII.
 1811—Thackeray, Dury, John Bright, Wendell Phillips, Liszt, Leverrier, Frances Kemble.
 1812—Robert Browning, Charles Dickens, Thalberg, Horace Greeley.
 1813—Henry Ward Beecher, Richard Wagner.
 1814—Charles Reade, Motley, Jules Simon, Edwin Stanton.
 1815—Anthony Trollope, Dean Stanley, Prince Bismarck, Gen. Meade.
 1816—Charlotte Brontë.
 1817—Mommsen, Livingstone, John B. Gough, von Sybel.
 1818—James Anthony Froude, Emily Brontë, Turgenieff, Gounod, Karl Marx.
 1819—Charles Kingsley, John Ruskin, J. G. Holland, James Russell Lowell, Cyrus W. Field, Walt Whitman, Queen Victoria.
 1820—Marian Evans (George Eliot), Herbert Spencer, John Tyndall, Victor Emmanuel, Florence Nightingale, Gen. W. T. Sherman.
 1821—Jennie Lind, Rachel (the actress), Flaubert.
 1822—Lavalaye, Matthew Arnold, Pasteur, Schliemann, R. B. Hayes.
 1823—Freeman, Renan, Max Müller, Goldwin Smith, Count Andrassy, Gen. W. S. Hancock.
 1824—Wilkie Collins, George William Curtis.
 1825—Prof. Huxley.

Of course such a list of names as the above suggests criticism, but it at least presents compactly some of the more famous names of the first quarter of the century, and furnishes some sort of a standard by which to judge that era as an era of great men.

Of the above list, Gladstone, Bismarck, Tyndall and Huxley are the most eminent among those who survive, and the past week recorded the death of Renan and Tennyson. How many 'immortals' are in the above list is another question. Froude, in a recent utterance, declared that in literature the only two immortals of our age are Carlyle and Tennyson. But in America, at least, Emerson and Longfellow are equally certain of lasting renown—the one as a bold, original, optimistic thinker and poet; the other as America's sweetest and best-loved singer.

An Hereditary Poet

[The London Star]

LORD HOUGHTON, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is four and thirty, tall and aristocratic looking, with regular and refined features and a mouth which indicates considerable strength of character. His manner is as affable as his appearance is attractive, and he is a great favorite among his associates. He is better read than the majority of the members of the peerage, and has published a volume of verse, which is, however, not considered equal to the poems written by his father, the late Mr. Monckton Milnes, the first Lord Houghton.

The present Lord Houghton married the pretty daughter of Sir Frederick Ulric Graham in 1880, and had four children—a son and three daughters. The former died in infancy, however, and the others live with Lord Crewe, who is much attached to them. Lady Houghton died four years ago of scarlet fever, caught while nursing her children, just as she and her husband were about to start on a visit to Lord Dufferin in India.

Lord Houghton is not a great territorial magnate. He has a substantial lump of land in Yorkshire, near the Notts border, and has a modest estate in Lincoln as well. His rental from land is about £10,000 a year, which is not a fifth of Lord Zetland's income and not a tenth of Lord Londonderry's. Yet Lord Houghton is rich. His famous father believed in American land as an investment, and bought 60,000 acres in the States. Then the rich and solitary Lord Crewe has, it is believed, made Lord Houghton his heir, so that there is little fear of the Dublin outlay pressing upon him with undue weight.

Current Criticism

AMERICAN MAGAZINES IN ENGLAND.—One sees it everywhere; it is beating a certain class of English magazines clean out of the field. * * * What circulation have —, and —, and —, etc., those most respectable old magazines? Are they going down? It is reported that they are, and rapidly. What is the reason? There are many reasons. First, the matter of editing. It is understood that half a dozen men are wholly engaged in editing *Harper*. They give their whole time and all their thoughts to editing *Harper*. They are paid handsome salaries. What salaries are paid to the editors of —, and —, and —, those above named most respectable periodicals? How much time do the editors of those respectable magazines give to their work? Then there is the delicate subject of pay for contributors. Writers who talk about pay must expect to be called tradesmen. Nevertheless the poet—Apollo himself—if he had a MS. for which one publisher offered a thousand pounds, and another ten pounds, would give it to the former. This is exactly the case with the American and the English editors. Consequently the best things are fast flowing to the former. There exists at this office a list of prices paid to contributors by nearly all the leading magazines and periodicals of the country. It is an instructive and a surprising list. It includes such items as a check for two guineas—actually two guineas—for an excellent story filling several pages in what is generally considered to be a first-class magazine. Another so-called first-class magazine pays at the rate of ten shillings a page. Another one sent a well-known writer one guinea—it seems incredible, but it is true—one guinea for a paper of six pages—and so on.—*The Author, London*.

LIMITS OF THE IMAGINATION.—Although the imagination does not suffer the restraint of facts, it is nevertheless bounded finally by realities—that is, such realities as it is possible for the human mind to recognize. This limitation is effective the moment the imagination seeks expression, and the writer attempts to introduce, as every writer must, the logic of form into the chaos of shadows existing in his brain. And although the imagination may so influence and color the impressions of the artist as to render his creations fantastic and unnatural to the majority of his fellows, it is only by contrast, and the exaggeration of the natural; a writer cannot really transcend reality, though he may be false to the realities of others lacking in imagination. Some men see only externals; others, who have perhaps suffered more, or who suffer

vicariously, see the pathos of every life, especially when it is obscured to others by a shell of eccentricity or grotesqueness. * * * The opinions of most men are an inherited tradition. Those who think for themselves modify their opinions and verdicts and change their point of view with every year of their lives; or to include the average, I will say, until they reach sixty or seventy, when many, probably from a feeling of isolation, recede and content themselves with the old traditional standards again. It is perhaps heretical to say so, but it is only the crudest form of imagination that is not closely related to human nature, if not to human experience itself. I doubt if it exists even in essence, much less in literature; for the fairy-world of the poets, though the atmosphere is too rarified for humanity, is invariably saturated with the humanness of its creators, and is thus recognizable by all men. Queen Mab whispers no secrets of the nebular worlds; she reveals but the hidden secrets and desires of this world.—*At Dodsley's, in The New England Magazine.*

THE ROYALTY SYSTEM DENOUNCED.—What has always seemed to us the key of surrender is the royalty system of publication. Any man is a fool who is willing to have another administer on his estate while he yet lives. Whenever an author hands his manuscript to a publisher, and agrees that said publisher shall print, publish, sell and account for the book, that author has an administrator on his estate and is at his mercy, honest or dishonest. There is no way, and there can be no way invented, it is to be feared, by which a dishonest publisher can be forced to administer faithfully. It is useless to cry out that publishers are as honest as any other set of men. So they are; but they are also probably just as dishonest as any other set of respectable men. It is a safe rule of business, and publishers well know it and act on it in their own behalf, that no set of men, however reputable, may be trusted with one's monetary affairs where there is no guaranty of good faith other than the mere word of promise, and where there is no fairly certain way of detecting fraud. This rule, when applied to publishing, reflects no discredit on publishers. It is a rule of banking, of railroad management, of merchandising, of manufacture. Bankers must even submit to the searching examinations of an agent appointed by law; yet bankers surely are as honest as publishers. The bottom fact is that the whole system of book publication, on the so-called royalty plan, is unbusinesslike, and is an open bid for fraud on the part of the publisher. Even if all publishers are honest, the principle is wrong. It is a principle which does not obtain in the transactions between publishers and booksellers; a principle which, indeed, applies nowhere save in the relations of publisher and author. It is time for the pot-boilers and the bean-boomers to take some steps toward a better control of their labor and their property. The 'literary sellers' have been the laughing-stock of the business world long enough to learn something for the one-sided farce in which they have played the losing rôle. There is not the slightest call, however, for any ill feeling toward publishers, or for any ill treatment of them. What the situation demands is a courageous application of well-known and well-grounded business principles—the principles of supply and demand, and of bargain and sale.—*Maurice Thompson, in The Independent.*

The Fine Arts

"Where Art Begins"

'WHERE ART BEGINS' reason ends, we are tempted to say on looking into Mr. Hume Nesbit's book. Mr. Nesbit loves to digress; and his hobbies and his theories, his memories and his fancies, which are forever getting mixed up with more practical matters, are seldom so novel or so entertaining as to be welcome. A chapter on photography as an art contains some useful hints; but it is followed by a tirade against Ruskin, the pre-Raphaelites, Corot and the old masters, the only use of which is to inform us of the writer's private tastes. There are tradesman-like rules for graining and marbling, and an unintelligible rhapsody about 'Nature Worship'; sensible suggestions about book-illustrating and the fitting up of a library, and commonplaces about vegetarianism, Greek costume for cold climates, and the gospel of Henry George. What is strictly useful might go into a small pamphlet, and to add a few enthusiastic descriptions of paintings and of scenery, which may be considered worth preserving, would require but a few pages more. The rest of the book is mere studio talk, no better than the average of such talk, and certainly not worth printing. The illustrations are in nowise remarkable. (\$2.50. Macmillan & Co.)

Art Notes

THE large Doré paintings formerly displayed in London and now on exhibition at the Carnegie Music Hall, 57th Street and 7th Avenue, are worth seeing as the most ambitious efforts of the

greatest of illustrators. Their faults have been so often pointed out that it is hardly worth while to dwell on them; but if the visitor will compare the small water-color sketch of 'The Entry into Jerusalem,' which hangs in one of the passages, with the immense painting of the same composition in the main hall, he will see for himself what an extraordinary waste of talent there was in covering these great canvases with badly-drawn and badly-painted figures. The number of different types, all Jewish, and the exhaustless invention of the artist as shown in his multitude of effects are to be admired, but they do not constitute him a great imaginative painter.

—Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt of Philadelphia, one of whose excellent paintings was recently bought by the Royal Academy of London under the terms of the Chantrey bequest, has taken a pretty cottage in Hampshire and is hard at work, with health restored by her life on the Nile.

—In the opinion of Mr. Henry HARRISSE, who has made Columbus the study of his life, there is not a single authentic likeness among the countless engraved, sculptured and painted portraits that pretend to reproduce the features of America's discoverer. Mr. HARRISSE is the American, residing in Paris, to whom President Carnot recently presented the Cross of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his eminence as a writer on early American history.

—M. Jan von BEERS is the subject of a sympathetic article by an anonymous writer in *The Magazine of Art* for November. His 'Little Bo-peep,' a roguish-looking young woman, with shepherd's crook and cocked hat, is reproduced for the frontispiece. M. Jean Bérand's notable 'Descent from the Cross' is illustrated at the head of an article on 'French Feeling in Parisian Pictures.' Mr. Gilbert E. SAMUEL presents some considerations for a new bill to secure copyright in works of fine art. The dragons, elephants, demons and heimts of Burmese art are reproduced by Mr. Harry L. TILLY, and in 'Our Illustrated Note-Book' there is a reproduction of a fireplace in Persian tiles and one of HOGARTH'S paintings of his servants, alluded to in a recent number of the magazine.

—At a meeting of the New York Local Board of Woman Managers of the World's Fair held on Tuesday, Mrs. H. Walker Webb presiding, and Mrs. F. H. Halsey, Mrs. A. M. Dodge, Mrs. J. H. Howard, Miss Anna Roosevelt, Mrs. J. Oscar Straus, Mrs. George Waddington and Mrs. Burton Harrison in attendance, the Committee on Fine Arts reported that it was negotiating with the Rolfe family of England for a portrait of Pocahontas. As the Rolfes are directly descended from the Indian princess, their portrait is supposed to be authentic.

—The first prize—a gold medal—for the most artistic decorations displayed in this city during the recent Columbus celebration has been awarded to Tiffany & Co. The designer was Mr. PAULDING FARNHAM, chief designer and director of the firm's jewelry factory, whose work in their display at the Paris Exposition of 1889 brought to him special recognition as a collaborator, and obtained for his employers the gold medal for jewelry.

Notes

MR. MARION CRAWFORD, the popular American novelist, is coming to the United States on business and while here will give one or two readings in New York and Boston. He is to sail for this city on the *Fulda*, which leaves Genoa on Nov. 5.

—Stephen Bonsal is rapidly completing, in London, a book on his adventures in Morocco. His health is very much broken in consequence of what he endured in his ride from Fez to the coast, and so far the English doctors have given him no relief. He is only able to lie on a couch and dictate to a stenographer.

—Mr. S. S. McClure sends us a most ambitious and attractive prospectus, naming as contributors to his syndicate service R. L. Stevenson, F. R. Stockton, Rudyard Kipling, Bret Harte, Jerome K. Jerome, Clark Russell, and many others whose writings are read of all men.

—Gen. Verdy du Vernois, late German War Minister, and the leading authority on military matters since the death of Moltke, is preparing his memoirs for the benefit of his children. He was in Poland throughout the rebellion of 1863-5, knows Russian and Polish thoroughly, and is apt to cast much light upon Russian problems of to-day.

—The title of Mr. Poulney Bigelow's forthcoming book is 'The Ragged Edges of the Czar's Empire.' The author deals with the different races and sects that are being 'Russified' by pan-Slavistic policemen.

—Miss O. M. E. Rowe, who proposes to write a book about Whittier, is one of the associate editors of *Far and Near* and the Boston correspondent of the *Worcester Spy*. As a friend of the poet's niece she was for years a frequent visitor at Whittier's house.

—Eight writers, representing an association of twenty American authors, met at the Astor House on Monday afternoon to organize a co-operative syndicate, the purpose being to place their productions before the press of the country without the assistance of an intermediary agent. Those present were Paul B. DuChailly, Charles de Kay, William Drysdale, John Habberton, Julian Hawthorne, William J. Henderson, Col. Thomas W. Knox and Joseph P. Reed. Col. Knox presided, and letters were read from Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Nelson Page, H. C. Bunner, Melville Phillips, Capt. Charles King, Mrs. Rebecca Hardinge Davis and others. The association will be known as 'The Syndicate of Associated Authors.' William J. Henderson, William Drysdale and Melville Phillips were appointed an executive committee to complete its organization. Other members of the syndicate are George Parsons Lathrop, Eugene Field and Paul Blouët ('Max O'Rell').

—The publication of Mr. Stevenson's 'Beach of Falesa,' has been postponed till next year.

—Bishop Potter's recent utterance on the subject of 'Sunday and the Columbian Exposition' has been widely quoted. He has written for the November *Century* an article on 'Some Exposition Uses of Sunday,' in which he not only advocates keeping the fair open on Sunday, but makes some practical suggestions which, if they are carried out, will make the exposition do its highest educational work and moral work on that day.

—Camilla Felix Michel Rousset died in Paris last week at the age of seventy-one. He was a well-known educator and a prolific and popular writer of histories. He became the successor of Prévost-Paradol at the Académie in 1871, and a Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1877.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have just published Mr. Lang's 'Green Fairy-Book.' They announce also the late Lieut.-General H. H. Crealock's 'Deer-Stalking in the Highlands,' Sir Henry Parke's autobiographical 'Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History,' J. Theodore Bent's 'Ruined Cities of Mashonaland,' the second volume of Dr. Boyd's 'Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrew's,' the Abbé Fouard's 'St. Peter,' etc., the late Lord Lytton's posthumous poem 'King Poppy,' and a second series of F. Anstey's 'Voces Populi.' Among the firm's new novels will be 'After Twenty Years,' and other stories, by Julian Sturgis.

—Mr. H. E. Krehbiel is to give six lectures on the music to be performed at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society this season. He will be assisted at the pianoforte by Mr. Henry Holden Huss. The class will meet at 32 East 33d Street on Thursdays preceding the concerts.

—A letter written by Whittier in 1862 is quoted in *The Collector*: 'I am somewhat surprised at the unqualified praise of *The Athenaeum* and have some doubts whether I deserve it. I have lived, worked and written for the present too much, perhaps, to have the right to expect a reputation which should reach far into the future. This, however, gives me no uneasiness. What I most lament is that at this time, [when] the cause of country and freedom needs so much, I am physically unable to do "what my hands find to do."

—*Pratt Institute Monthly* is the descriptive title of a well-edited and well-printed Brooklyn periodical of twenty pages.

—Fraulein Eugenie Wohlmuth, a well-known lecturer and authoress of Vienna, recently arranged to deliver two Ibsen recitals, one on Thursday evening, the other on next Monday afternoon, in the Carnegie Music Hall. The first recital being Ibsen's dramatic poem 'Brand,' and the second from 'Rosmersholm.' The recitals are given under the patronage of many of the leading German-Americans of this city, including Mrs. Henry Villard, the Misses Schurz, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Havemeyer, Mrs. Anna Woerishofer, Mrs. Jesse Seligman, William Steinway, Oswald Ottendorfer and Consul A. von Palliacheck.

—Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin, author of the 'Footsteps of Charles Lamb,' has settled down to further literary work in that very attractive part of London, the 'Old Chelsea,' which his pen has done much to glorify.

—The death of Robert Franz, at the age of seventy-seven, removes the most deservedly popular of living song-writers—one whose genius early commanded the admiration of Schumann, Mendelssohn and Liszt. His original work was almost wholly in the direction of the German *Lied*. He published 257 songs for a single voice with pianoforte accompaniment.

—A very fine edition of Rabelais, following as to text the translation by Motteux and Sir Thomas Urquhart, is announced by a London firm. The illustrations have been made in colors by L. Chalon, of Paris, and reproduced in colors by Dujardin. A thousand numbered copies, of which 250 are for America, and a Japanese vellum addendum of 210 copies, with two extra plates, will be the limits of the publication. The latter cost \$30 in London, and are said to have been nearly all taken in advance.

—Chapman & Hall have sold 643,000 copies of 'The Pickwick Papers' since Dickens's death. This is exclusive of the many editions issued by other publishers. The profits on his works are said to amount to something like \$40,000 a year.

—A new volume of original poetry by Francis Turner Palgrave, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and editor of 'The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics,' is in the press. It is entitled 'Amenophis, and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular.' Mr. Palgrave published his first volume of verse, 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' thirty-eight years ago.

—'Q.,' otherwise Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, is about to issue a small volume of verses entitled 'Green Bays.'

—Mr. Thomas G. Hodgkins of Setauket, Long Island, who has given \$100,000 to the Royal Institute of Great Britain to be applied to scientific research, gave, only last year, \$200,000 in cash to the Smithsonian Institution. Although he made his money and his home in this country, Mr. Hodgkins was born in England of English stock, so that it is no more than right and proper that he should benefit his native country as well as the country of his adoption.

—Macmillan & Co. are to publish shortly a work by Dr. S. S. Laurie, entitled 'The Institutes of Education, Comprising a Rational Introduction to Psychology.'

—The Cassell Publishing Co. are to publish the new Heine volume, consisting of the poet's letters to his mother and sister, Englished by an American poet, Mr. Charles de Kay; also 'Nimrod & Co.,' a new novel by Georges Ohnet, translated by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano.

—Following hard upon the Althorp sale, news comes from London of the approaching auction of the Apponyi library, belonging to the Hungarian Count of that name. This collection comprises some of the rarest books known to be extant. Among other treasures is a copy of the earliest edition of the famous 'Biblia Polyglotta,' the printing of which was begun in 1502 and finished in 1518. It is said that there are only eight or ten copies of this famous edition in existence.

—Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue in London a translation of Pierre Loti's 'Fantôme d'Orient' under the title of 'A Phantom from the East,' the translator being Miss J. E. Gordon.

—The Trustees of the Lenox Library have been engaged for some time in the preparation of a small volume containing the four original Latin editions of the Columbus letters in the possession of the Library, accompanied by a revised translation in English, and an introduction, giving a brief account of the various letters known to be in existence. Within the last few days the Trustees have purchased from Quaritch the recently-discovered original Spanish letter printed at Barcelona in April, 1493.

—Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the poet, will make Baltimore her home in future. She is now living with one of her sons, Dr. George J. Preston. Mrs. Preston's eyesight is so poor that she has long been obliged to depend upon an amanuensis.

—Count Leo Tolstoi has recently deposited his memoirs, including a large diary, with the Curator of the Rumyantzeff Museum, the condition being made that they shall not be published until ten years after the author's death. He is busily engaged on his new work, which deals severely with the militarism of modern Europe.

—'Thoughts of Busy Girls' is the title of a volume of short essays from the pens of working-girls, which Miss Grace H. Dodge, the well-known philanthropic worker, has edited and prefaced. These essays are said to be quite remarkable, considering the disadvantages under which the writers worked. The Cassell Publishing Co. announce, besides the above book, 'My Septuagint,' by the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems; 'Playthings and Parodies,' a new book of short stories, by Barry Pain; a similar work, 'The Reputation of George Saxon,' from the pen of Morley Roberts; and 'A New England Cactus, and Other Tales,' by Frank Pope Humphrey.

—The literary people of Norway are regretting the early death of Kristofer Kristoffersen, who spent several years in Chicago as editor of a Norwegian paper. The impressions gained in this country had much influence upon his subsequent work. Although

as a poet he took a national prize last year, it was as a novelist that he promised best. His most popular work 'Pan Forpost' ('On Picket Duty'), was published last spring.

—Concerning the question 'Does the Higher Literature Pay?' Walter Besant says: 'What has happened with poetry, scientific research and all the various departments of science, letters, archaeology and the like by which a man cannot live is, I apprehend, this: it is now well known that a man cannot live by practising certain arts, crafts and pursuits. No one, therefore, tries to live by them. Where is your starving poet? Where is your starving numismatist? Where is your starving physicist? They do not exist. Those who take up these lines begin by assuring for themselves the daily bread. They are civil servants, professors, teachers, persons of private income, some of them in business, some holding posts in museums, some are librarians or secretaries. None are starving, because none are so foolish as to try to live by what is, nevertheless, their only real and serious occupation.'

—*Harper's Monthly* promises a great many attractions for 1893, among which will be an article on Mr. Lowell by Prof. Norton, based on his own personal recollections and on the rich material placed in his hands as his friend's literary executor. The article will be accompanied by a new portrait of Mr. Lowell. Mr. Charles A. Platt, the artist, who has recently been studying certain Italian gardens, especially those of Rome and Florence, will describe and picture them, with special reference to the improvement of American landscape art. Mr. Stanley will tell the story of the African slave-trade, bringing it down to date, with graphic illustrations. In fiction, the most striking thing will be 'The Refugees,' an American historical novel, by Dr. Conan Doyle, the author of 'Micah Clarke.' The early scenes of this story are laid at the Court of Louis XIV., but even in these some of the most characteristic figures are American. The author's narrative of the conflict between Mme. de Montespan and Mme. de Maintenon, who became the King's wife, is based upon recent disclosures that clear the fame of Mme. de Maintenon of everything but the exertion of her influence for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Refugees, the victims of this revocation, came to America. The novel will begin in the January number, and will be illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.

Publications Received

(Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.)

Andrews, L. Greek Devotions of. Ed. by P. G. Mead. \$2.

Austin, J. G. David Alden's Daughter. \$1.25.

Baby John. 50c.

Ballantyne, R. M. The Hot Swamp. 50c.

Barbour, L. G. The End of Time. \$1.50.

E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Boston : Roberts Bros.
T. Nelson & Sons.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Batchelor, J. The Aizu of Japan. \$1.50.
Bourguet, E. de. Paraguay. \$2.50.
Boyesen, H. M. Boyhood in Norway. \$1.50.
Buckley, J. M. Faith-Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena. \$1.25. Century Co. F. T. Neely.

Claretie, J. Hypnotism. \$1.50.
Coolidge, S. Rhymes and Ballads for Girls and Boys. \$1.50.
Dall, C. H. Barbara Fritchie. \$1.
Dear, \$1.
Dickens, M. A. Nobody's Fault. 50c.
Documents of the Hexateuch. Tr. by W. E. Addis. Part I. \$1.
Freeman, E. A. The Story of Sicily. \$1.50.
Frederic, H. Return of the O'Mahony. 50c.
Glaize, E. J. In Savage Africa. 50c.
Green Fairy-Book. Ed. by A. Lang. \$2.
Hardy, G. E. Literature for Children. 50c.
Herrick, C. T. The Little Dinner. 50c.
Hill, T. E. Souvenir Guide to Chicago and the World's Fair. 50c.
Hospitality in Town and Country. 75c.
Holder, C. F. Along the Florida Reef. \$1.50.
Humphrey, F. P. A New England Cactus. 50c.
Kaplan, A. O. The Magic Laugh. 75c.
Langtry, J. History of the Church in Eastern Canada and Newfoundland. 50c.
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Robt. Clarke & Co.
Longmans, Green & Co.
C. Scribner's Sons.
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Chicago : Laird & Lee.
F. A. Stokes Co.
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Cassell Pub. Co.
Cincinnati : Robt. Clarke & Co.
J. B. Young & Co.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
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E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Fords, Howard & Hubert.
J. A. Taylor & Co.
Christiania : Thronsen & Co.
Macmillan & Co.
Meriwether, L. Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean. \$1.50.
C. Scribner's Sons.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
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